Next Month

and later

PROBLEM MOTHERS

Katharine Winant

One does not have to be a disciple of Freud to agree with Miss Winant that mothers can become a problem before they become mothers-in-law. Many — though of course not all — mothers give themselves over to excessive self-pity and jealousy of their children, as the latter grow to maturity. Says the author: "They dictate our decisions, supervise our social and professional interests, cling to us for emotional sustenance, try to make us over, and otherwise indulge in a tyranny which is at cross purposes with the ultimate in maternal wisdom."

AN ANTHROPOLOGIST CRITICIZES MEDICINE

Earnest A. Hooton

Disclaiming any lack of appreciation of the personnel and accomplishments of the medical profession, Professor Hooton nonetheless deplores the survival, in certain respects, of the primitive belief in the doctor as a "medicine man." He believes that the true end of medical achievement — "the physical and mental improvement of humanity as a whole" — would be brought notably nearer by tearing the halo from the doctor's head.

YOUNG MAN'S DARLING

Eudora Ramsay Richardson

The author poses again the old question whether 'tis better to be an old man's darling or a young man's slave and answers it by saying that the adage had the situations twisted in the first place. Women, she says, should marry men younger than they. (P.S. — Eudora Richardson married a man eight years her senior. She seems happy.)

OTHER FEATURES

"Harry Hopkins Carries On," by Raymond Clapper — a personality sketch of the head of our WPA and relief work; "Equal Rights for Men," a plea for legal aid to the downtrodden male, by Harry Hibschman; "Can We Afford Children?" by Paul Popenoe — a discussion of how we might adjust the economic burden of having children, so as to raise the birth rate of the "upper" classes.

F O R U M

and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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APES, MEN, AND MORONS—Earnest A. Hooton (Putnam, $3.00).

FALSE SECURITY—Bernard J. Reis (Equinox, $2.75).

THE ENEMY WITHIN—Henry Landau (Putnam, $3.00).

SO YOU THINK IT'S NEW—Wilfred J. Funk (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.00).

SHORT STORY WRITING FOR PROFIT—Elliott Blackiston (The Writer, $2.00).

EUROPA IN LIMBO—Robert Briffault (Scribner, $2.75).

ROBERT BROWNING AND JULIA WEDGEWOOD — edited by Richard Curle (Stokes, $3.00).

KEEN, civilized, utterly absorbing is *The Advancing Front of Science*, by George W. Gray. No recent writing, except perhaps that of Lancelot Hogben, has so temptingly described the work of the men who measure, interpret, and to an ever greater extent conquer the forces of nature. In the last few years, says Mr. Gray, science has catapulted forward and established a new frontier on the edge of the unknown. Now, as never before, it seems possible to discover the nature of "the central force which alike swings the sun in its orbit and energizes the invisible mite of protein into its mechanism of life." Mr. Gray takes you up to the latest outposts of discovery and gives you a superb view over into stellar space or down into the secret depths of the atom. Although his purpose is always to avoid the sensational, some of the experiments and findings he reports are so astonishing that he can hardly help himself. At one phase of the moon, for example, it has been proved that Berlin is 60 feet closer to Shanghai than at others; machines have been invented that learn and remember.

But, in our passive, comfortable feeling of wonder at robots or at twitches in the scalp of the earth, Mr. Gray sees danger. Only a deep, determined, and universal understanding of science can keep the increasing flood of man's knowledge channeled for good and useful purposes. War, competition, cruelty need not go on their destructive way, he believes, if nations can be convinced, as scientists are, that they have a common stake in the world's resources. This vivid book is a start toward the huge task of such persuasion.

MEANTIME, the captains and the kings are with us yet, and, if you want an estimate of what they have up their sleeves, you can learn more than enough from *If War Comes*, by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. Far from retailing horrors for the morbid, the authors tend to discount Monday-newspaper scare stories about wholesale bombings of civilians, decimation of cities by gas or disease germs. The really terrifying thing about the book is the fact that it is so perfectly casual. The basic rules of war, we learn, never change; but, within the old pattern, modern science has cooked up plenty of variations to keep the strategists busy. It is with their problems that half the book deals.

The second and more impressive part considers all the fronts on which war could break out, arguing the consequences of attacks at each point. Reassuring it may be to hear that this country has little to fear from an invasion. Still, we can't help suspecting that only horses will profit from anybody's war. They are pretty definitely out of it from now on, for they "cannot be trained to endure bombing with sang-froid, nor can they take cover in ditches or hide themselves in a patch of weeds."

ONE of the many good books to come in with the present tide of American autobiography is *Time of Our Lives*, by Orrick Johns. This record of his own life and of his father's before him, sweeps forward with the liberal democratic current, checked intermittently by the tugging undertow of reminiscence and reflection. From his crusading father, editor of Pulitzer's *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, young Johns learned principles which for a while he translated into the idiom of radical journalism. And, more than principles, he learned to know the people who held them. His book is a lively directory of personalities in Greenwich Village, on the Left Bank, in the New Deal, and in the active Left. With these latter, Mr. Johns puts hope and sympathy, but their strenuous ways are too much for him. If he does not definitely unhitch his wagon from their restless star, at least he has pulled up for a camping spell. The result is this gentle, generous book of reminiscences.

READING Earnest Albert Hooton is a sort of mental alcohol rub. His *Apes*,

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Men, and Morons leaves you tingling and, if you have any raw prejudices exposed, even irritated in spots. In fact Mr. Hooton wouldn't consider himself worth his salt if he didn't raise a lot of irritated squeals. This is not to call him a reformer. Like H. L. Mencken, he is a great castigator and he leaves reforming to men of patience and less wit.

Beginning with an expansion of his "Apology for Man," which appeared in the June FORUM, the book is a collection of whiplash essays. Man's past, present, and future are trenchantly reported from the point of view of the anthropologist, who believes that social science is sentimental rubbish and that our salvation depends entirely on "biological repentance." "What we must do," says Mr. Hooton, "is to encourage a sit-down reproductive strike of the busy breeders among the morons, criminals and social ineffectuals of our population. . . . We must inculcate into the rising generation a code of biological ethics." Lest you think *Apes, Men, and Morons* is one long Jeremiad, we assure you its bite is as good as its bark. A more lucid introduction to the whole fascinating subject of anthropology for the layman is yet to be written.

THERE are two kinds of investors — small fry and those who fry them — according to Bernard J. Reis. The owners of a few shares of this or that may have their choice of sizzling in gilt-edged lard or browning in mortgage butter, but the result is ever the same. They end up as toothsome morsels for a curious clan of financial wizards who pile up fortunes by means always devious and sometimes legal. In his *False Security*, Mr. Reis describes with inescapable accuracy the various ways in which the naïve investor is fooled by prospectuses, cheated by his proxy, robbed of his interest. To this task the author brings a mind trained in accountancy and law and a lot of experience as a public-spirited investigator of financial chicanery. His able and well-written exposé goes a step beyond piquant but ineffectual muckraking: it outlines a plan for the protection of widow, orphan, and amateur. Mr. Reis proposes a co-operative nonprofit information service to give sound advice about all types of investments.

A TRUE story that bids high for detective-fiction readers is *The Enemy Within*, by Captain Henry Landau. For fifteen years, in attics and dark alleys all over the globe, secret-service men, including the author, have been gathering evidence to prove that, long before we entered the War, German agents were blowing up American munition stores, setting fire to boats, poisoning grain shipments, and even organizing sincere pacifists for anti-

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From the artistic point of view, it's hard to tell which side to admire most for craft and diabolic ingenuity. Clews found in fantastic places led to incredible new mysteries, and every one of them was worked out to the highly speculative end of collecting damages from Germany these many years later. The claims run into a number of millions of dollars. But we'd be willing to bet that, debiting the vast amount of money spent by each side in trying to fox the other, the royalties from Captain Landau's book will be the only net profit. He deserves it for he has written a handsome adventure story.

MAN does not live by bread alone, said Stevenson. Indeed he seems to live principally by catchwords. When the Roman banks were about to close, 2,000 years ago, Tiberius lent them $5,000,000, and word went out that "confidence has been restored." Athens, in the fourth century, B.C., echoed with cries of, "Soak the rich!" Catiline was a "traitor to his class." These and a thousand similar oddments make up *So You Think It's New*, by Wilfred J. Funk, an amusing book designed to make you undo all your ideas of progress and wrap them up again in dated packages. A fabulous number of modern inventions have their replicas in ancient times — rust-proof iron, flexible glass, motion pictures — and Mr. Funk can quote you chapter and verse to prove it. Add enjoyment: the author, who is professionally a famous publisher of dictionaries and encyclopedias, here proves he has fun at his work.

OUTSIDE the medical profession the most passionate of anatomists are those chosen people who can tell other people how to write. They do exist, and, although they have their charlatan fringe, a few among them bring real genius to the job. One of the best is Elliott Blackiston, who signs himself "The Dutch Uncle" in an interesting little magazine called *The Writer*. If you want straight-from-the-shoulder advice on how to turn your creative impulses into print, read his *Short Story Writing for Profit*. He knows all your problems, faults, and possibilities, and on the subject of authorship as a trade he comes as clean to the point as a flagpole.

THERE are novelists who tell a more skilful story than Robert Briffault, but their voices are faint cheepings beside his magnificent roar. Full of lightning and thunder and hurricanes comes his *Europa in Limbo*, with something of the impressiveness of the avenging angel. All the ponderous, glittering edifice of Continen-

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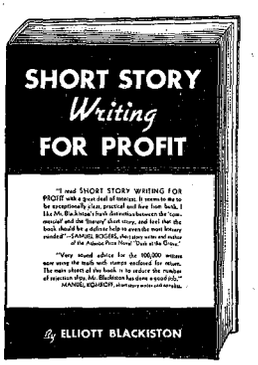

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tal society that he built up so artfully in *Europa* he now brings crashing down to chaos. Young Julian Bern, once the speculative, critical onlooker, in whom the author largely recreated himself, is thrust suddenly into action by the indiscriminate forces of the War. Unblessed (as was the common soldier) by ignorance of politics and intrigue that go on behind the scenes, Julian is too honest and sensitive to close a cynical eye. His story is often melodramatic — particularly when he follows his Russian princess through the revolution — peppered with coincidences in the back halls of international espionage, but always, except in some of the army episodes, a story that will reward and move you.

GRAFTED onto the middle of Victor Hugo's *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, is a curious chapter that has nothing at all to do with the adventures of Quasimodo or the dainty Esmeralda. It is concerned only with books and buildings and so it came to mind last year when we went to see the Book Fair in one of the sleek new structures that make up Rockefeller Center in New York City.

The invention of printing, says M. Hugo, gave the death sentence to architecture. Up to Gutenberg, man had recorded his worst and noblest ideas in stone laid on stone. But forever after his greatest art was to be printed, not built. Nevertheless, Hugo tentatively adds, it is just conceivable that a new art of architecture may come out of the twentieth century. Well, perhaps it has. At any rate, both the building and the Book Fair struck us as admirable performances.

This year's Fair, from November 5 to 21, will expand over two whole floors, and there is practically nothing about the publishing business you can't find there, right down to a clinic that will tell you what is wrong with the way you read. A movie camera photographs faults in your eye motions, and another machine is supposed to gauge how smart you are at understanding the printed page. Exhibits include rare books and manuscripts, a model bookshop, a home library, a hobby room, a children's room (of this more next month), in addition to booth upon booth of current books. To be heard as well as seen, each afternoon and evening, are such speaker-authors as Fannie Hurst, Ralph Bates, Emily Post.

But what will fetch you back again and again is the manufacturing exhibit where you can see a whole volume actually put through the press. Hendrik Willem Van Loon wrote this volume especially for the Fair, and it is the only book you can buy there (price $2.00). Any of the display books can, of course, be ordered.

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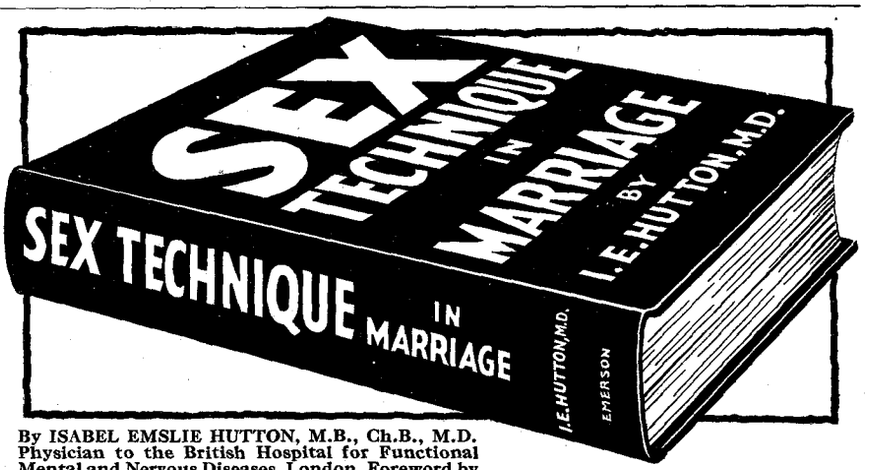
Under the trademark of Three Seals, a dozen new Modern Age titles and some fine reprints are appearing in bookstores and newsstands all over the country. Most timely of the lot is *La Guardia*, by Jay Franklin, an unauthorized biography of New York's flamboyant mayor.

Other Seal books we like particularly are *Old Hell*, a very funny novel by Emmett Gowen; a story for children entitled *Red Feather*, by Marjorie Fischer; *The Labor Spy Racket*, by Leo Huberman; and a cookbook, for kitchenette or trailer, called *Meals on Wheels*, by Lou Willson and Olive Hoover.

M. L. ELTING



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A Warning to Congress

Editorial Foreword

FOR 80 YEARS, both political parties have been making platform pledges against the spoils system — 80 years — and still we find the Seventy-fifth Congress adjourning with a record of almost consistent contempt of the public's demand for abolition of the patronage system." This is the indignant indictment of a recent message of Miss Marguerite Wells, National President to the State Leagues of Women Voters.

It is highly significant also that a bellwether of American public opinion — Mr. Henry Luce, the sagacious editor of *Time* and *Fortune* — in a current release of *The March of Time*, dramatizes the spoils versus the merit system. Such signs and portents as these should be sufficient warning to a spoils-minded Congress.

The most important event during the last session of Congress was the presentation by the President on January 12 of the report of a nonpolitical committee of experts on the overhead reorganization of the executive administration of the federal government. The Brownlow-Gulick-Merriam report recommended a sweeping extension of the civil service. The President emphatically endorsed its conclusions and urged enlargement of the merit system "upward, outward, and downward to cover practically all non-policy determining positions."

EXECUTIVE REORGANIZATION

AT THE SAME time, at the invitation of Congress, the Brookings Institution undertook a complementary survey of overlapping and duplication in executive administration. The chief item in which the two reports take issue is in the matter of audit. Both groups would abolish the present office of the comptroller general, who has the power to hold up expenditures before they are undertaken. This power, however, the Brookings report transfers to an auditor general. The Brownlow report also gives the audit to the auditor general but places the interpretation and administration of appropriation acts in the Treasury. The auditor general is to be allowed a post-audit only. The Brownlow committee argued that the present plan delays administration unduly and vitiates the independence and competence of the audit, whereas a continuous post-audit of closed contracts and expenditures by an auditor general whose sole function is audit and who will make continuous reports to Congress will provide Congress with a better

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check on the execution of its authorization.

The spot-news feature of the Brownlow report was, of course, the recommendation to add to the White House staff six confidential assistants. It was the President who added the comment that they should be men endued with a passion for anonymity.

More important, however, is the sweeping recommendation of the Brownlow report that all existing executive boards, commissions, and other independent agencies — numbering 133 — be consolidated under twelve departments. Two new departments are to be added to the existing ten, bringing the total of secretaries to twelve. The new departments are Social Welfare and Public Works, and the name *Interior* is to be changed to *Conservation*. The president is to be given authorization by Congress to make the consolidations as rapidly as investigation discloses the best allocations.

But by all odds the most important sections of the Brownlow report are those which lay emphasis on strengthening our civil service. These experts in administration would abolish the present Civil Service Commission and substitute a civil-service administrator. He would have the advice of a lay commission. Until civil-service regulations are made generous enough to attract our ambitious young people, it will continue to be difficult to build up a personnel which is satisfactory and competent.

Bills based on the Brownlow report were presented at the last Congress, but all action was postponed. Other action of the Congress affecting the merit system was discouraging. It is true that, in the early blush of good intentions, on January 28, the House passed the Ramspeck bill putting all postmasters under civil service and removing 13,730 posts in the postal service from patronage appointment. But the House repented its conversion to morality and in all later measures yielded to the bad example of the Senate in extending "senatorial confirmation" and exemption, thus hurting the merit system. On June 3 the President protested to the chairmen of both Senate and House that there had been "more than 70 bills introduced in this session which propose complete exemption for all positions affected thereby. . . . Please let me urge upon the Congress the desirability of placing all but policy-forming positions under the merit system."

The Spoils System

On December 31, 1936 there were 1,147,432 persons on the federal payrolls. Of these, 831,095 were executive employees. And of these executive employees 325,000 are exempt from competition. They are the beneficiaries of patronage, the agents of the spoils system.

Appointments of federal officials may be grouped in four classifications. The first and most desirable basis of selection is appointment for merit. The first may, of course, include the second — appointment through the civil-service administration. Civil service will become efficient when the rewards for initiative as well as integrity within the civil service are made as attractive as promotion for merit outside the civil-service routine. For, when the civil service becomes too perfunctory, officials of imagination leave it in disgust.

The third method of selection is for policy determination. But few of these purely political appointments are either necessary or desirable in the executive service. Comparatively few officials in addition to cabinet secretaries are needed to give the current political color to government administration. The fewer the policy-determining executives exempted from competition, the better. Perhaps 300 persons of all the 831,095 executive employees have anything to do with directing political policy. And fourth and lowest in the scale of government servants are the 325,000 appointed by patronage. The efficiency of our federal household depends on the extension of the second group — an improved civil service — and the elimination of the last group — the spoils system.

All new federal employees should be placed under the merit system. The time has come to end the fiction that the "emergency" justifies substituting spoils for merit. And salaries in the higher civil-service positions should be large enough to prevent such distressing phenomena as the resignation of Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady.

The American people are fed up with many follies. They will no longer send their armies on fantastic errands overseas. And they are sick of political patronage at home. They demand a system that will reward merit.

Henry Goddard Leach

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Death Begins at Forty

by **CHANNING POLLOCK**

She was a woman of 40 or thereabouts and she sat beside me in Bryant Park. I had glanced at her as I brought my book to the bench and thought her an example of how neatly and almost attractively shabby clothing can be worn. Later, I noticed her hands, which were eloquent of hard labor, and the patient but anxious expression in her eyes.

We had been there nearly an hour when I felt my companion move and saw that she was looking past me at an approaching figure. She half rose as it came nearer and then sank back again, making room for a man about her own age, as neatly and shabbily dressed — a tall, lean man, clean-shaven, sharp-featured, and with graying hair. Neither spoke, but the woman stretched out her hand and laid it over the man's hand, resting on his knee.

After a moment, she said, "No luck?" and he shook his head and said, "Too old." Those four were the only words uttered. The woman patted the man's hand, and they sat in silence, a few minutes and then got up and walked away. They walked slowly, wearily, hopelessly, aimlessly, as people do when they are tired and discouraged and have no particular place to go and no particular reason for going there.

Still later, I strolled along Sixth Avenue, a few yards away, whence the figure had come. Within two blocks, there are a dozen employment agencies, each with its bulletins and its knot of people reading them. The groups had thinned out now, and I did a little reading myself.

> Men 20 to 30 years old wanted for construction job.
>
> Dishwashers, scrub women, general workers, both sexes, white or colored, up to 35 years.

"What's the chance of a man over forty getting work?" I asked a fellow reader of half that age.

He looked wonderingly at my decent clothes and then sharply at my own graying hair. "Nothin' doin'," he said. "Wha'd'ya think these places is runnin', an old folks' home?"

I had barged into what is becoming one of the most acute and tragic problems in America. One third of our population is over 40 years old; no work for anyone over 40 would mean pensioning or starving as many people as live in the States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, Ohio, and Pennsylvania — almost the entire commonwealth of France. Only 31.75 per cent of us are between 20 and 40, so that anything approaching a universal decision that this is the span of industrial usefulness involves the requirement that 38,000,000 of us shall feed, clothe and house the remaining 87,000,000. Accepting the Biblical threescore and ten, the restriction relegates most of us to poverty and unproductiveness during more than two thirds of our lives. It gives us 20 years to earn and save enough to provide for ourselves and our families throughout their first 20 years and our last 30.

The Cult of Youth

The whole idea is as fantastic as it is inhumanly cruel and economically unsound. Common sense tells us that, with ordinary care of his body and cultivation of his intelligence, the average man should be at his best around 40. For labor requiring skill, judgment and competence, those first 40 years might well be regarded as preparatory — 20 years of schooling, 20 years of apprenticeship, and graduation into fitness to cope with the perplexities of breadwinning. Throughout 50 centuries, the "counsel of graybeards" has been the sought and respected counsel: "The man of wisdom is the man of years." Even now, it is safe to say that very little of the *important* work of the world is being done by people under 40. In the arts, in science and industry, in the learned professions, and in all the higher brackets of subservience, youth plays a minor part. It has

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proved easier to deplore the "nine old men" of our Supreme Court than to replace one of them with a younger candidate who has indicated equal ability or commands equal respect.

Even physically, I doubt that the young man is always the better man. Many of my middle-aged friends observe lack of stamina and staying power in the new generation; at 50 or more, we can walk or swim greater distances and leave the boys and girls draped in exhaustion over the banks of the tennis court.

"They do a beautiful crawl for thirty yards," an amphibious sexagenarian acquaintance declares, "but at the end of a half-mile swim I've left 'em nowhere. It's the same way in the office. They splash a lot, but for quiet, steady progress, with his mind on his business and his eye on what's to be done rather than on the clock, give me the chap long broken to harness. You can depend on that kind. They don't show up mornings dazed after last night's party. What's more, they have a sense of responsibility. Wasn't it John L. Lewis himself who said that outlaw strikes might be of less frequent occurrence if industry did not discriminate against men of more mature age?

The "cult of youth" in this country seems to me symptomatic not of work but of play. We were tired after the World War, and events since have discouraged and disillusioned us. *What's the use?* has become the universal question. What's the use of sober plodding? What's the use of saving and the homely virtues? You can't take it with you. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow there'll be more regulation and more taxes. We put aside brown October ale for May wine that sparkled in our glasses — and went flat in an hour or so. All this has nothing to do with desire for efficiency; on the contrary. It was and is a psychosis, and, if you are willing to go a bit afield, you will find its manifestations in every department of life. In our craze for the "modern." In our lack of faith and interest in everything that happened more than two or three years ago. As a measure of antiquity, B.C. now means Before Coolidge. Consider the changed fashion in female figures. Broad bosoms and hips went out, and our admiration turned to the flat-chested young thing with streamlines and short hair. Why? Because we no longer wanted mothers; we wanted playfellows.

The proscription of the middle-aged in the work world is merely one phase of a wider proscription. Our books, plays, movies, and general interests are all concerned with adolescence.

Not long ago, a short novel of mine went to one of our great national magazines.

The editor sent for me. "That's a fine story," he said, "but we can't use it. We never use any story the principal people in which are more than twenty-five years old. We find that our readers have no time for men and women beyond twenty-five."

That's nonsense, of course. My novel was published later — and very successfully. So were *The Good Earth* and *Lamb in His Bosom* and *Anthony Adverse* and a lot of other books the greater part of which and the greatest appeal of which had to do with the maturity of their chief characters. Nonsense — but exactly the kind of nonsense now being talked by nine tenths of the people who buy labor and the products of labor.

Why Aren't You Wanted?

Their reasoning, believe me, is of about the same caliber.

The Forum and I sent questionnaires to 18 of the greatest employment agencies in New York; 13 of them replied. *What is the average age limit set by employers when seeking clerical workers?* we asked. The commonest answer was, "Men: between 25 and 30. Women: 23 to 25." Adding the ages set down in the 13 responses and dividing by 13 gave us an average age requirement (both sexes) of from 22.6 to 31.4. Only one agency reported a demand for men up to 40, and *not one* for men beyond that. The average age limit for executives — positions in which experience and judgment would seem the principal needs — was from 30.2 to 40.7. Three of the 13 agencies found executives employable "up to 45," but 10 answered, "Always under 40," and one of the ten added, "Possibly 37." This gives us an average of 10.5 years during which an executive can find work. It gives us an average of 9.65 years in which *anyone* can find work. It suggests an entire population nobody wants after it is 36.05 years old!

Now for the reasons and reasoning:

Our questionnaire asked *What reason does the employer give?* and *What, in your opinion, is the real reason?* The commonest reply to the

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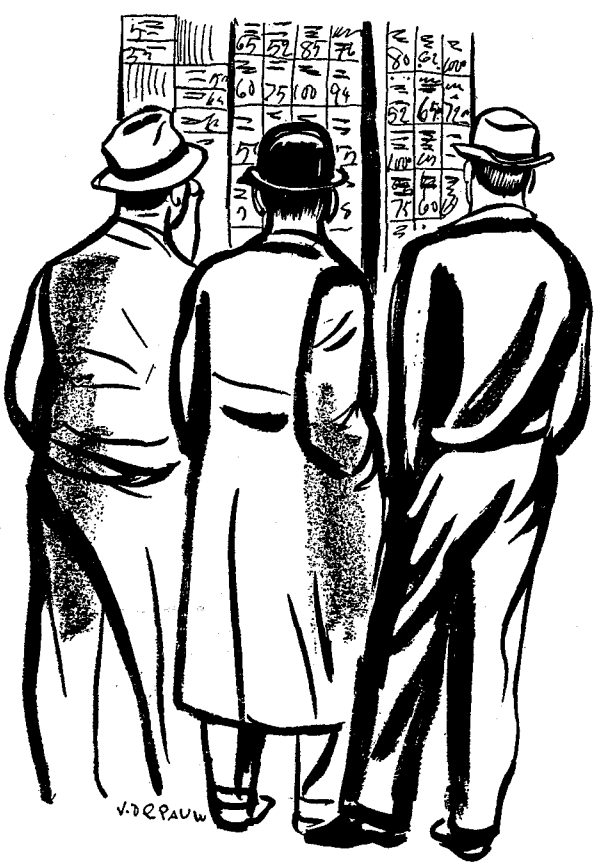
first question was that older men lack adaptability and "flexibility of thinking." Five of 13 answers to the second question were, "The youth cult," "Party looks," "Older women are not as attractive as young girls," "Personal preference for attractiveness of youth," and, "Most employers like them young and attractive." Human, understandable, entirely justified in picking the chorus for a revue or a night club but, in my own modest opinion and polite phraseology, a helluva reason for selecting draftsmen and bookkeepers!

Some of the other "real reasons" deserve more extended consideration. Lumped in groups, here they are:

1. ADAPTABILITY AND ENDURANCE. The middle-aged have "slow mentality," "one-track minds," "too set in their ways," and "try to run the business." Others said, "Hard to start older people in new jobs," and, "Young people get on better together." Mentioned also: "the neurotic kinks of the older worker with an inferiority complex."

My own reaction to this group of replies is that adaptability and endurance are not entirely a matter of age and that slow mentality, one-track minds, and determination to run the business are not matters of age at all. At 54, after 36 years in the theater, I turned to short stories, novels, lectures, and the type of thing you are reading, practically without effort. (I mean that I turned without effort; I am haplessly less certain of the effect on *you*.) I have already spoken of *physical* endurance. With reference to slow mentality and one-track minds, did you ever put a leading question to a run-of-the-mill assembly of young people or try to get one of them off the subject of parties and sport? As to trying to run the business, I only wish I had the cocksureness of youth; and, when we come to neurotic kinks, my generation certainly enjoys no monopoly of 'em. If we older workers *have* an inferiority complex, do you wonder why, after reading the foregoing pages?



Drawings by Victor de Pauw

2. MONEY. "Younger people will work for less money." "Too low wages for better grade men." "Older people have earned more, and so become more easily dissatisfied."

This is the ancient argument — the higher, the fewer. It is the type of thinking that makes bargain sales possible and explains why home builders put in cast-iron pipes instead of brass ones. If *you* ever did that, you know how expensive it is in the long run. Anyway, I doubt that younger people *will* work for less money now or that older people become dissatisfied while they can hold on to their jobs. The law of supply and demand operates. The man or woman who has walked the streets vainly and answered ads vainly and vainly applied to agencies that "can't place applicants over forty" isn't likely to be *choosy*.

But now we reach more debatable ground:

3. PENSIONS AND INSURANCE. "Shorter period of service; sooner and larger responsibility on part of employer." "Group insurance." "In the larger companies, pension plans."

If you are to become legally or morally responsible for your employees at the age of 60, let us say, if you will have to pay them after that without getting anything but an easy conscience in return, or if you have to pay higher rates of insurance on men and women nearer retirement age, it stands to reason that you will prefer to hire people as far as possible ahead of retirement age. However, it seems to me that all this might be adjusted by an actuary. Pensions and insurance might well be graded by probable

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length of service. It is obviously unfair that a man who has been engaged at 50 and who holds his position only 10 years before retirement should receive the same consideration and reward given one engaged at 30, who has held the position another 30 years. Theoretically, the first man should have made some provision for himself during previous employment, or his previous employer should assume a prorata share of the responsibility. Then, *decreased* obligation should be an actual incentive to the employment of older people, as *increased* obligation is now a determent.

We have left a final group of objections: 4. PERSONAL RELATIONS. "Too much ambition among older men." "A younger man is content to climb more slowly." "The organization has to consider what advancement is possible in its executive set-up." "Earlier retirement; employers want people to grow up with the organization." "There are more positions for juniors." "Most executives dislike giving orders to persons older than themselves."

There are some curious assertions in this group. It is interesting, for example, to hear that older men have greater ambition and that this may be regarded as undesirable. Naturally, the organization has to consider what advancement is possible, but I find it difficult to believe that there isn't always room at the top or, at least, in the higher places for people who show themselves qualified and still more difficult to believe that any man wouldn't prefer static employment to none at all. No one can argue against the contention that there are more positions for juniors (though also, of course, there are more juniors for positions) or with the wish to have people grow up with the organization. However, the final quotation — "Executives dislike giving orders to persons older than themselves" — irresistibly reminds me of the millionaire who, having listened to the pitiful story of an old friend appealing for help, instructed his butler, "Throw that fellow out of the house; he's breaking my heart!" It reminds one, too, of the ancient and probably accurate statement that most men don't like very intelligent women because the contact disturbs their conviction of superiority. *And* the true remedy in all three situations is obvious.

THE ECONOMIC POINT OF VIEW

AN IMPARTIAL investigator, nevertheless, must face the fact that there is remarkable unanimity as to many of the objections urged against taking on men and women past 40. Some of these must be met by the men and women themselves. There is not one assertion as to the attitude of older people in an office that is not valid if veritable. "The age-complex on the part of the applicant," for example, *whatever its excuse*, is an undeniable handicap and should be eliminated.

Speaking at a recent convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, the personnel director of a big department store urged women over 30.

> Don't be downcast when seeking jobs. . . . Don't be so constantly on the defensive. . . . Don't feel sorry for yourself. . . . Don't be intolerant or critical of the young person with or for whom you work.

This is good advice, and, if a larger number of middle-aged job seekers followed it, there might be fewer of the middle-aged seeking jobs. Every experience an employer has with self-confidence, adjustability, tolerance, and alert intelligence among the proscribed must do its bit to weaken the proscription.

On the other hand, if prejudice is to endure without reason — if a majority of employers continue to fail to realize that most of the traits of which they complain are matters of individuality rather than of age, something must be done about it. The waste is too great, the logic too unsound, and the sum of human suffering entailed too grievous.

In *Back to Methuselah*, Shaw regretted that we must die and all we have learned be canceled at an age when it only starts to be valuable. He argues the loss to civilization of having to begin again with each short-lived genera-

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tion, a sort of quick labor turnover on a world-wide scale, and insists that increasing the length of life (and so the period of usefulness following the period of training), must inevitably accelerate human progress.

This contention is irrefutable so long as the worker continues to function and society to permit his functioning. And, in spite of the unanimity aforesaid, I cannot believe that the average worker stops functioning at 40. I cannot believe that, under ordinary circumstances, at least a very large proportion of us are not better in every useful way at 40 than at 25. Above all, I cannot believe that much of the employer attitude is not merely a state of mind, a sheep-like following of the leader, a current psychosis, coupled with the most unworthy motives. There is too much unanimity as to these, also. And too many heads of important agencies expand on this assertion:

> In those cases where the employers are not primarily concerned with the appearance of the applicant, we believe that they do not employ older people because the salaries now being paid are too low to offer to people of experience and training.

These are two formidable indictments — that, in the words Sir Wyndham Deeds used to the Over Thirty Association in London, "The shop counter has now become a show window . . . because . . . the public wants attractive girls," and that industry prefers "cheap" inadequacy to well-paid efficiency.

In connection with the second indictment, two interesting opinions are quoted by Abraham Epstein in an article, "You After 40," published in the February, 1928, issue of THE FORUM. They are from Henry Ford's *My Life and Work* and Arthur Pound's *The Iron Man*.

Ford says:

> As the necessity for production increased, it became apparent, not only that enough machinists were not to be had, but also that skilled men are not necessary in production.

Pound insists:

> The most valuable man in operating automatic machines is the man without imagination, and generally the man with a mentality below the average.

If this is true, then, as many of us have suspected, we are breeding a race of morons. *That* would be even more serious than the subject of this essay. It doesn't seem entirely credible. Note Ford's *qualifying* clause — "not only that enough machinists were not to be had." The world is not yet made up of self-sufficient machines. There must still be plenty of opportunity for trained artisans. Is one of our difficulties that too many of us are being educated for the kid-glove occupations and too few for jobs that are more numerous and more within our reach?

HUMAN WRECKAGE

BE THAT AS it may, there can be no doubt that an appalling number of us must remain jobless after 40 — perhaps even after 35. The statistical proof is overwhelming. My desk is literally heaped with charts, figures, and surveys. My wastebasket is full of learned documents on the subject, innumerable reports of societies organized and legislation proposed to alter the situation. I omit quotations from these, not only because you'd probably skip 'em, anyway but because this is the antique and invariably ineffective method of combating what we regard as dangerous and undesirable. "Pass a law." "Organize a society." "Appoint a committee."

Without national bankruptcy, the best "social security" can do is provide meager means for the unemployed past 65, and any man can get pretty hungry between 40 and that age. Not long ago, Vincent Lombardo wrote a letter to a newspaper in Passaic, New Jersey, asking what good social-security pensions would do him at 65 when he couldn't find work at 40. Next morning, Mrs. Lombardo reported her husband missing, and, a few days later, his body was found in the Passaic River.

No single article of magazine length could deal adequately with the waste and suffering being brought about by this almost universal skepticism as to the usefulness of people in middle age. There is a man in Virginia whose judgment and experience are so helpful that he found himself serving, without pay, as consultant to some of the biggest firms in the

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South. Since he was "well fixed," he asked no reward. A few years ago, this man lost his money, since when he has been trying vainly to get a job with one of these firms. They are afraid he is "too old."

Another man we will call Jones held a responsible position with a New York corporation in 1917. He had worked hard and efficiently all his life, financing his own education in law and languages and taking night courses at Columbia. He spoke Spanish and Portuguese fluently, had been a rodman on railroad construction and a plantation overseer in South and Central America and had been connected with the rubber and farm-implement industries. Each of these changes had improved his condition. In 1917, he had paid for his home in an exclusive community in New Jersey and had a wife, a son, and two daughters, one of them a senior at Barnard.

When we entered the World War, this man resigned his position and began training at Plattsburg. He was 40 then, "too old" for overseas service. When the War ended, he was 42 and too old for everything. One after another, he applied to rubber companies, farm-implement concerns, motorcar plants, for executive work, clerical work, manual work, anything. Within a few years, he had lost his home, and his savings were gone. His wife and children had small jobs, but he was unwilling to "sponge on" them. He sold baking powder and Bibles, but was replaced by younger men.

Jones was hiking from Washington when I met him [a friend writes me]. He was 56 then, but looked 10 years younger. Physical fitness was his hobby, and he certainly had kept fit. He had been to various government agencies, carrying remarkable letters, which he showed me, as to his administrative and technical ability. Washington told him to ask for relief in his home town. "Nothing doing," as he was not yet quite able to establish "pauper condition." This I learned at our next meeting, in New York. He was certainly a pauper then, but he wouldn't accept a loan, or let me pay for his lunch. A year later, I heard of a possible job, and wrote Jones to the address he had given me, which was a Salvation Army lodging house. The letter was returned; "Moved." Soon afterward, an A.P. dispatch reported his disappearance from a steamer bound for Norfolk. Seven cents and a letter to his wife were found in his stateroom.

Is this waste? Is this the wanton, almost criminally needless destruction of a man who certainly might have been as useful to industry and society as some of the careless young things who come out of our colleges? I could and, perhaps, later I will tell you scores of such stories. There must be thousands of them. At the moment, any man or woman who, for any reason, loses his or her job *fifteen years after graduation* is in a bad way. Whatever cheerful and, therefore, best-selling books are written on the subject, in this land of opportunity and this era of government-planned security, it is not life but death that begins at 40. For the man or woman who can't find a job or earn a living, underfed, underclothed, above all discouraged, hopeless, trudging from door to door in search of work not to be had at his age, whatever his fitness, is really dead — or might as well be.

Not long ago, Dr. Osler created a sensation by declaring that men *are* better dead — at 65. Now, if we are going to agree with him about that but set the age limit 25 years *younger*, hadn't we better go the whole distance and chloroform our citizens when they reach the twoscore mark?

Business wouldn't go on very long then, *and that's what we've got to tell business.* No other method serves. What we have yet to learn is that, in all matters affecting human welfare, legislation is merely an accepted cure-all; it is education — and education only — that provides solid ground and points: *This way out.*

THE FORUM hopes to continue discussion of this subject in an early issue

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I Used to Stammer

by **TOM Q. WILLIAMS**

I USED TO stammer. For nearly 30 years speech was a nightmare, and every word I was forced to say came only after those facial contortions and repetitions which appear so amusing to the listener and are so terrifying to the stammerer. But all that ended three years ago. Today I speak as well as you do. But if I had only known as a child what I learned three years ago — that there is a positive scientific remedy in psychiatry — what a different life I should have had!

Hundreds of institutions have been built for the deaf and dumb and blind, and hospitals by the score have long been operated for cripples, but until lately nothing scientific had been done to remedy speech defects. And this in face of the fact that approximately ten per cent of the nation's population suffer from speech difficulties. Roughly twelve million persons, mostly children, are forced to lead miserable lives because they cannot talk normally.

You who have normal, automatic speech cannot realize the agonies a stammerer endures. As I look back on my childhood, I wonder I survived the periods of intense fear (and fear is the constant companion of a stammerer), the hours of despondency, and the moments of blind hope — not hope that I could make great speeches but hope that I could say the simple words by which we make our wants known.

In school, I would study hours preparing my lessons and would know the answer to every question the teacher asked but, when my turn came to speak, I could only shake my head and gasp out, haltingly, "I don't know." When I did screw up courage to try, the words came with such difficulty, with so many contortions and such overwhelming self-consciousness, that I could not be understood. I would be wet with perspiration, and sometimes my tongue bled from being clamped between my teeth. Even today that tongue bears scars where sharp teeth caught it in a spasmodic grip. After the effort was finished, I would be weak and trembling, bitterly asking myself, "Why can't I talk? I know the answers but why can't I say them? Even a baby can talk better than I can."

A Barrier to Normal Life

"WHY CAN'T I talk?" That is the question every stammerer asks himself in bitterness hundreds of times a day. The truth is he does not know why; his parents do not know why. The average family doctor is of no help, and most teachers have neither the knowledge nor time, even if they have the patience, to be of assistance.

Everyone stammers on occasions of great

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emotional distress, but when the emotion has subsided the stammering has been of such short duration that it is soon forgotten. To the afflicted person, however, the knowledge of his handicap is constantly present.

When you see a cripple you keep your eyes averted from the deformity; in the presence of a blind person your voice unconsciously changes tone with the knowledge that you are beholding a tragedy; but when you watch a stammerer you cannot help but be amused at the way he twists his lips, screws up his face, and at last pops out with some ridiculously simple statement. And you are prone to say, condescendingly, "Oh, it's just a habit; you'll outgrow it," or, "I stuttered when I was young, but see, I outgrew it." The child may outgrow it, certainly; many do, just as many get well after a light attack of infantile paralysis; but those who do not will live miserable, neurotic lives and blame our cultured, intellectual civilization for not providing some means of assistance.

To be sure, there are the so-called stammering schools, which publish advertisements in such bold, black type:

STAMMERING CAN BE CURED!

Millions of dollars have been wasted on these schools, which at best are of doubtful benefit. Some are out-and-out quackery, but the majority are sincere in believing they have something which will aid stammerers. Some patients are cured permanently, but most have only temporary success and in a short time find themselves stammering as badly as ever. The reason is simply this: Stammering schools do not reach the basis of speech disorders. Most of them operate on the theory that, if the stammerer's attention can be diverted from himself, he can speak normally. The theory is correct, but, instead of attempting to determine why the stammerer is self-conscious and feels insecure, these schools substitute some artificial means of distracting attention.

Temporary results do follow, for in a school where everyone is a stammerer there is no embarrassment in speaking in a monotonous, rhythmical fashion; but, when the student leaves the school and finds himself in his old environment, among persons of normal speech, he cannot continue talking artificially. This attracts as much attention as the defect, and before long not only is the stutterer more self-conscious and insecure than ever, but his hopes of being free of an impediment are crushed. I know, because I attended *four* stammering schools and remained in one nearly a year. Each time my hopes were built high, and each time I gladly gave the school a testimonial to the wonders of its system, only to find myself stammering again within a few months.

All stammerers and stutterers do not have the same degree of difficulty. The two terms, while denoting the same infirmity, have a distinction. A stutterer is generally recognized as one who unnecessarily repeats many times the first letter of a word or syllable, while a stammerer is one who not only repeats but gets locked on a syllable, becomes tense, and finally explodes the word. The causes of each are the same, and the terms will be used here synonymously.

The defect generally develops in childhood and extends through the formative adolescent period — a time when children should be carefree and gay. A stammerer can be neither. On the school ground he is ridiculed by other children and is continually asked why he cannot talk. Later, he may appear to have a good time, especially while he can devote himself to dancing or nontalkative recreation; but place him in a conversational group, and he grows morbidly silent. As a youngster in high school, I would go for weeks without having a "date" simply because of the dread of attempting to make myself understood over the telephone and in conversation. In college, social life was fearful, for how could I make witty retorts and rattle off clever slang expressions when I could not even say my own name?

Introducing oneself is a stammerer's greatest difficulty. The very thought of having to tell anyone his name makes the stutterer tremble. It is the moment of extreme self-consciousness. Many times I have ignored someone I very much wanted to know, only because I knew I would have to introduce myself. Frequently, I have used an alias, even though I have a simple name, because I was unwilling to twist my face into contortions to get the word out.

Disappointment

My first experience in trying to be rid of stuttering was not in an orthodox "stammering school." The principal of the grammar school I was attending came to me one day and

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said a "professor" who had a sure cure for all speech defects would be in town the following week and asked if I wanted to go to see him. Did I want to see him? Even though a small child, I would have walked miles to find such a person. The afternoon I went to enroll in the "Professor's" class, I was trembling from head to toes and was able to enter the classroom only by remembering the encouraging talk my parents had given me before I left home.

I found myself in a room with about 25 other children, mostly boys, ranging in age from 8 to 15. The Professor lined us up, examined our mouths and chests, and made us utter sounds to determine if our vocal organs were in good shape. This finished, he had us repeat after him, in unison, various words and phrases. We stammerers had no difficulty when speaking together in groups of two or more, and he explained this was generally true because we spoke slowly and did not try to talk too fast. He further illustrated his point by having us sing, which we did without any stammering. The Professor then reasoned with us that, since we could speak normally in a group and in singing, we could do so anywhere: stammering was simply a habit, and will power could break it.

After a week, he had to leave us to our fate, since he had an engagement elsewhere. And our fate was the same miserable stuttering existence, made more bitter by disappointment. The Professor's "reasoning" would never cure a speech impediment — talking cannot be done in pairs or groups, and, if will power alone were enough, no one would stammer.

About the time I finished high school, my father found in a church paper an advertisement stating that a man in a nearby town had cured himself of stammering and guaranteed anyone else a cure, "OR YOUR MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED!" Since I very much wanted to go to college and realized my handicap, I was eager to attend the stammering school. I was certain the end of the summer would find me a new person, talking normally and ready to enter normally into college life.

My first disappointment at the school was finding that the man in charge, an elderly gentleman, stuttered practically as badly as some of his pupils. After hearing the glowing reports of other members of the school, a number of whom had attended stammering schools elsewhere, I gave the teacher the benefit of the doubt and attributed his lack of entire ease of speech to his age.

The school was new and not very large, and most of the pupils were boys of about my age. As I now look over the course of study and recall the lectures, it is difficult to understand how I believed all the theories propounded. Today they seem absurd, yet they show only too plainly how stammerers, in their despair, will have faith in anything that seems to offer relief. I can readily understand how sufferers from incurable diseases spend their last dimes on quack medicines which promise a positive cure.

The theory taught in my new school was that all nature is perfect, that trouble arises only when some unnatural force enters. The flowers and the birds and the bees came in for a lot of discussion. We were told that we should have perfect speech, that normal speech was what the Almighty intended for us, and that only because some external element was present did we have difficulty in talking.

What this external element was I never learned, except that it had something to do with breathing, but I followed the instructions religiously and spent multiplied hours reading aloud slowly to give the Almighty a chance to remove whatever it was that was causing the trouble. To be closer to nature, I carried a book with me on long walks into the country and read aloud to the cattle and any other animals that cared to listen. I memorized speech after speech. Many a cow heard Lincoln's Gettysburg address spoken in slow, stentorian tones.

Reading alone, I (and every stammerer in the school) had little or no difficulty. But, when I tried to read before the class the same passage I had spent hours reading perfectly in private, I stammered as much as ever. However, I, and the other members of the school, did gradually improve a little, largely because we realized our associates were in a common predicament and thereby gained some confidence.

After three months I returned home, and for a few days my family and friends were happy to find I spoke with much less stammer, even if very slowly. But constant association with persons of normal speech and particularly with the members of my family, who speak with a nervous rapidity, soon made slowness an im-

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possibility. My stuttering shortly returned, and, even though I went back to the stammering school and remained for several months longer, I did not materially improve. Later, I met several former classmates in other stammering schools, vainly trying to solve the mystery of their speech impediment.

Plugging Away

In college, I had an agreement with my professors that, if they would spare me the embarrassment of trying to recite before the class, I would prepare extra assignments or would be willing to let my grades rest on the results of the examinations. Then, while attending a summer course, a visiting teacher told me of a friend of his, a professor in another university, who had had remarkable success in the cure of speech disorders. This man, it seemed, was doing some writing in a nearby summer resort.

Cynical of the results yet unwilling to let the chance of a cure go unheeded, I went to see the professor. I found a man of charming personality, with a remarkable power of instilling confidence. He said it would not be possible to do much in the short time he could spare but he gave me a number of "tongue twisters" to practice in the method he prescribed. I and my family were so impressed with the prospects that I agreed to attend the university in which he taught and spend the year studying with him.

In the fall, when we really got down to work, I found he had positive ideas as to the cause of stammering — ideas which were, to say the least, unique. His theory was that the primary cause lay in the proper use of the tongue. With persons of normal speech, he claimed, the tip of the tongue rested, when not in use, above and behind the upper front teeth; that with stutterers, the tip of the tongue rested in the bottom of the mouth. In addition, he believed that a stammerer's tongue had a sharp point at the tip, instead of being rounded, and that usually the lips and throat were used too little.

As a cure, he suggested exercises for the development of the lips and throat and the conscious placing of the tongue above and behind the upper front teeth before speaking each word. Try it yourself, speaking aloud and letting the tongue slide down over the back of the teeth as each word is begun. Feels silly, doesn't it? And sounds worse. Yet for the better part of a year I and a half-dozen other stammerers spent hours a day reading aloud while following this routine. Our speech improved, not because the cause of the impediment was discovered but only because we had little time to think of our own self-consciousness while concentrating on an artificial action.

When I returned home, my stammer soon returned, as it did with practically all the other pupils. Artificiality in speech attracts as much attention as stuttering.

After struggling through college and working a few years at a job that required a minimum of talking, I read glowing reports of a school, in a nearby city, which promised a cure of stammering by a "new and revolutionary discovery in speech control." Dubious but still willing to do anything to obtain normal speech, I paid the $200 fee for a two weeks' course during my summer vacation.

The first 48 hours at the school were spent entirely in bed, asleep most of the time. During this period I was not permitted to speak a word to anyone. The director of the school said the purpose of this was to clear the mind of previous speech habits.

When I finally entered the instruction room, I noticed a large chart on the wall, the main feature of which was the lower half of a large circle, drawn with the open end up. The "new and revolutionary discovery" consisted of speaking each word very slowly, meanwhile following with the eye the line of the half-circle, down and up. First, I started going through the entire alphabet, using each consonant and each vowel in combination in single syllables — down one side of the arc and up the other. I then progressed to longer words, making the entire movement on each syllable but reversing the eye movement on every other syllable. For example, the word *movement* would consist of following the arc down the left side and up the right, back down the right and up the left. In this method I was supposed to practice sufficiently so that I could speak the words aloud and follow the half-circle with the mind alone.

After hours of concentration I mastered it — but with what result? My words came out in a sing-song fashion and so slowly that whenever I tried to talk everyone else would turn to watch and then to laugh. I soon found it was

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impossible to keep abreast of normal conversation and drifted back into trying to hurry and, of course, into stammering again. Some of my friends accused me of having no will power. But try, day after day, to talk in a sing-song manner at about one tenth of normal speed, meanwhile carrying on your work under the rush and tension of normal business. It cannot be done, and others who have tried soon found it impossible.

At each of the schools I attended I found one or more students who had gone to a well-known stammering school in the Middle West whose course is similar in theory to that of the last one I tried. The method consists of speaking in a sing-song fashion, keeping each word in time with the lines of a square drawn in the air by a forefinger. But here the ex-students were, attending another school, vainly hoping to find some magic remedy.

A New Idea

After these four attempts over a period of nearly twenty years, I finally reached the conclusion that I should have to be reconciled to an embarrassed, stammering existence. But about this time I visited a physician in regard to another ailment from which I was suffering. At the end of his examination he said, "The cause of your condition is not physical. It is mental and has the same basis as your stuttering." Here was something new to me, an ailment entirely unrelated to speech yet, according to his statement, caused by the same factors.

The physician told me I should go to a psychiatrist who was head of the department of nervous diseases at the State medical college. I argued with him as best I could that I had given up trying to talk normally and did not feel equal to being disappointed again. He urged me at least to have a talk with the psychiatrist, and finally I agreed.

This is, roughly, what the psychiatrist told me: Only a person who is emotionally unbalanced stammers. This does not mean that a stammerer is insane or weak-minded; on the contrary, stammerers generally are above the average in intelligence. But it does mean that a person who stammers possesses a constant feeling of insecurity and self-consciousness. Restore his sense of security, and the stammer disappears. This same lack of security causes bed wetting in children beyond the age when natural habits are normally uncontrolled. In adults it expresses itself often in those chronic invalids with whom there is nothing organically wrong.

The psychiatrist said that the causes of the feeling of insecurity are as varied as the environment of the stammerers. If a child stammers, even slightly, his environment is responsible. A child may feel insecure because he is sickly or physically weak and thinks he is unequal to his playmates in games requiring strength. If so, he should be taught to excel in at least one game which does not require muscle alone and he should be made to understand that physical prowess is not altogether essential to him. A small, fast automobile has many advantages over a powerful truck.

A child may feel insecure, he said, because some member of his family continually scolds him. A stammering child is usually extremely sensitive and terrified by frowns and scowls at minor mishaps. A child's world is largely his home, and, if he cannot feel safe there, he cannot be expected to do so out of its sphere. Overprotection and unsympathetic teachers also are causes of insecure feelings.

By questioning, the psychiatrist found the various factors in my environment which caused the sense of insecurity that had expressed itself in lack of co-ordinated speech. In a few days I was a changed person, able to talk quietly and easily, using no artificial aid, never thinking of how my tongue and lips were performing, forgetting half-circles and squares and the laws of nature. And the most gratifying part of the process was that it "took." Instead of slipping back into stammering again when I returned to the old environment, I gradually improved, meeting each situation as it arose and successfully mastering it. I temporarily revert to stuttering following some unusual emotional stress, after an illness, and sometimes after meeting old friends with whom I formerly had such difficulty; but now I have the knowledge of why it reoccurs, and with knowledge there is no fear.

There is no longer need for stammerers to try in haphazard manner to obtain a "cure" from schools unqualified to give assistance. Now that there is scientific knowledge of the cause of stammering, why can't we have speech clinics where competent psychiatrists are available to

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the millions of children and adults who live tragic, bitter lives because they cannot talk normally? Is it not just as important to make happy the lives of those suffering from speech impediments as of those afflicted with blindness, deafness, and crippled limbs? The latter have little chance of complete recovery, but most stammerers can be saved for useful citizenship, particularly if a psychiatrist can assist them in childhood.

With 12,000,000 sufferers from this one disorder, there is certainly a large field open here for specialists to make happier and fuller the lives of these unfortunates.

Amherst, Massachusetts

(the home of Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Robert Francis, and other poets)

This is their acre . . . here the bright word fell
Because of grasses bending in the sun,
Because of leaf-sound and the listening spell
Of woods in summer when the rain is done;
Here is the hill whose lonely grandeur made
A lonely music of their singing thought:
Some hard-won, wintry flower less quick to fade,
Of hardier sweetness than the summer wrought.

These are the signs that we shall know them by —
This meadow, speaking in their language, now,
This wood, this hill, this austere slope of sky. . . .
And when you hear a bird call from her bough,
Lonely and sweet, and all the dusk is stirred,
You will hear others rhyming with the bird.

David Morton

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The Triumph of Lawlessness

The Peaceful Nations Take It Lying Down

by **NORMAN ANGELL**

LOOKING BACK at the course of events in China, in Japan, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy, not merely during the last few months (though they have been fuller in this respect than normal) but during the last six or seven years, noting the undeclared wars; the massacres which only a year or two since the whole world would have condemned as simple murder and piracy; repeated mass killings of helpless civilian populations; the restoration of assassination as a common instrument of internal politics; the piracy on the high seas with British ships as its victims; the direct attack, with the completest impunity, on vital strategic interests of the British Empire; the machine gunning by the forces of an Asiatic empire of a British Ambassador; the propaganda waged by a great Western government against the very foundations of the Christian faith; the systematic dissemination of a crude racial paganism as a substitute for that ancient and — as we had thought — firmly established faith — looking back at the endless list one sees a strange juxtaposition.

On the one side is immense energy, courage, boldness, a readiness to take great risks and undergo infinite suffering, an amazing capacity for sacrifice. It is the side of what but yesterday we should have regarded as unmitigated evil — of gross aggression and conquest, the destruction of freedom, of the right of self-government and democracy, the very enthronement of ruthless cruelty and oppression.

On the other side, one sees drift, inertia, indecision, shortsightedness, division of council, disunity, the refusal to make material sacrifice. These are the qualities which we find on the side of what yesterday the whole world regarded as unquestionably good, on the side of order, of law, of peace, of democracy, of nationality, the right of a people to live its own life, to choose within limits its own form of government so long as it does not interfere with the same right of others, the principle of reciprocity and equality in human relations.

These principles had been fully recognized. We believed that they had become the commonplaces of orderly European life, accepted as its prevailing ethos, indispensable to the stability of civilization.

But nobody, it would seem, is prepared to fight for these principles, to suffer for them, to die for them, as millions are prepared to die in order to repudiate them, to bring them to naught. We English have become as indifferent to right, to law as it would seem we are indifferent to the security of the British Empire and to the survival of Christianity. But there is no indifference on the side of Nazism, Fascism, the new imperialism of the Italian or the Japanese powers.

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A Fatal Lapse

Indeed, many of our people still seem lost in admiration of those engaged in the destruction of the ancient political and social moralities, to say nothing of the security of the Empire. When Japan started her aggression against China in 1931 by a "frame-up" of "incidents," repudiated her solemn obligations, made scraps of paper of half a dozen treaties, defied the League, many a newspaper editor and many a politician lustily praised her — insisted that all talk of restraint by the League was "impertinence," that Japan was carrying on in China a useful work of civilization and ought not to be "interfered with" by Geneva busybodies.

And, when the American Government proposed Anglo-American co-operation in rallying the immense potential forces that might have resisted Japan (think of what a combination of Britain, America, Russia, and China might have meant if used with the energy and boldness which Japan herself was displaying), we now know (what we did not know at the time) that the American offer was rejected with a casualness and curtness which the American administration found as inexplicable as it evidently found its terms and manner offensive. (The American secretary of state concerned has made it clear enough in his memoirs.)

From that first failure of the forces of order dates the beginning of a process of disintegration, anarchy, chaos which has gone on uninterruptedly ever since. Spain is the logical sequel of Manchuria. The successful defiance by Japan of the greatest Western states, her complete immunity from any collective restraint by civilization as a whole, was the direct instigation of the Italian defiance of the League in Abyssinia, of Germany's in the Rhineland, and of both Germany's and Italy's in Spain. The whole collective system lies in utter ruin, and Britain — by imminent justice — is impotent to protect even her direct and most vital interests.

And as for any combined defence of right, law, freedom . . . ! The *London Daily Herald* by the simplest statement of facts brings home the degree of collapse, as no eloquence could:

> Japan is sweeping on in North China. Her disregard for the British and the American appeals to keep the peace is complete and contemptuous.
>
> She is well aware that neither of the two Governments, nor the Government of the Soviet Union, is prepared to incur the smallest risk of action in defence of law and the integrity of China.
>
> She is flagrantly dishonouring her own signature of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Four-Power Pact, which pledged her to respect the sovereignty and independence of China.
>
> And finally she is pretty certain that no effective action will be taken by the League, that the obligations of the Covenant will be regarded by those bound by them as if they did not exist.
>
> It would be the merest folly to suggest that in any of these judgments, the rulers of Japan have made any serious miscalculations.
>
> International organization for the peaceful settlement of disputes and the defence of law is in ruins. There is nothing really which stands between the aggressor and his victim.
>
> So huge has been the deterioration in the world situation since the first "National" Government was formed, that it is no longer a question of urging this or that action upon the League.

Regrets and Flourishes

Keeping in view those facts, what shall we say of the following conclusion of a *London Times* leader (August 20):

> The rights and property of British subjects should be no less inviolable on the other side of the world than they are on this; and it is time for Japan to learn that the free hand which she desires in Eastern Asia will in no circumstances include license to play havoc with the lawful interests of Great Britain.

The Japanese, of course, are perfectly aware that such language is mere "flourish," that Britain now can do nothing to protect her lawful interests in the Far East if Japan cares to disregard them. At the very moment that the *Times* was writing, the British Government was hectically sending notes and protests to the Japanese Government, with a result, seven days later, which the *Times* itself records editorially in these words:

> That a British Ambassador should have been attacked and gravely injured by invaders of the soil of the country to which he is accredited is an outrage for which there is no parallel. . . .
>
> The status of an Ambassador is sacrosanct, and nothing excuses its violation. Japan has launched a full-dress invasion of China without even declaring war. Without preliminaries she has taken it upon herself to violate the rights, interrupt the commerce, and bring about the destruction of the property of Great Britain and other nations in China. The outrage committed against Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen serves to underline the implications of an intolerable situation.

Perfectly intolerable. What do we propose to do about it? The leading article finishes:

> The British Government — when reports from the spot have acquainted them with full particulars —

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> will doubtless know how to obtain satisfaction. They may be assured of the strongest public support in any "appropriate action" which they decide to take.

Which is simply more "flourish"—and meaningless flourish. For what is quite certain is that the British will *not* know how to obtain satisfaction. And, as to "appropriate action," the action appropriate to this situation is none at all.*

It is a little difficult to believe that Japan was directly encouraged to enter upon and continue that course (which has had the results we now see) alike by British newspapers and even British cabinet ministers. But the articles and the speeches stand on record.

Today, when it is much too late, the *Times* looks longingly to closer Anglo-American co-operation, as the following passage in a more recent leader indicates:

> It is much to be feared that the prestige of Great Britain, and indeed of all the Western Powers, will — with rather less distortion of the facts — be gravely impaired in Asiatic eyes by their impotence to make good their lawful position at Shanghai in time of crisis. The situation is, of course, an impossibly difficult one; but when in the course of time the tide of war shall have ebbed from Shanghai, the prospects of salvage work by the Foreign Powers would probably have been improved by closer Anglo-American diplomatic co-operation at the outset.

Yet, if one turns to the book on the earlier stages of the Far Eastern crisis written by Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of State at that time, we find him again and again noting that Japan was directly encouraged in her policy of aggression in 1931–32 by the line taken by certain English newspapers, including the *Times* (he quotes plentifully in illustration from the *Times* leaders). The terms of the British Government's communication to the press rejecting the offer of American co-operation in resistance to Japan in 1931 were such, Mr. Stimson says,

> as to be taken by most readers, including — what was most important — the Japanese Government, as a rebuff to the United States.

Japan saw immediately that Anglo-American co-operation had broken down and began to use in justification of her aggression the very arguments which the British Government and the British press (Mr. Stimson again quotes at length from the *Times* leaders) had used concerning the American proposals.

> It was not surprising that the Japanese reply to the American note was conceived, as a British historian has noted, in "a vein of elegant irony which came within an ace of insolence."

Among Mr. Stimson's quotations from the *Times* is this:

> In invoking its clauses (those of the Nine-Power Treaty) the American Government may have been moved by the fear that the Japanese authorities would set up a virtually independent administration in Manchuria which would favour Japanese interests to the detriment of the commerce of other nations. It is clear that the Foreign Office does not share these apprehensions.

Indeed!

The degree of encouragement which the Foreign Office was extending to Japan is revealed by the attitude of Sir John Simon toward the report of the Lytton Commission. In the Survey of the Royal Institute of International Affairs for 1933 occurs this passage:

> As for Sir John Simon, he held out a helping hand to Mr. Matsuoka by drawing attention to certain passages in the Lytton Report which brought out the complicated character of the circumstances of the dispute and the weak points in the Chinese case, and which submitted, *à propos* of future action in Manchuria, that "a mere restoration of the *status quo ante* would be no solution." . . . After listening to Sir John Simon's speech, Mr. Matsuoka was reported to have remarked that "Sir John Simon had said in half-an-hour, in a few well-chosen phrases, what he — Mr. Matsuoka — had been trying to say in his bad English for the last ten days.

Lost Opportunity

Less than ten years ago it was possible for an American who knows Japan at first hand to write:

> All the more sober elements in Japan are aware that if it came to war with the United States — to say nothing of the United States plus Russia and China — Japan would not have a ghost of a chance.

And Freda Utley (in *Japan's Feet of Clay*), writing a few years ago, pointed out in great detail the extreme vulnerability of Japan ("whose iron production is half that of Belgium, whose maximum coal production is one seventh and consumption one fifth of Britain's") but added this:

* Editor's Note: — *The British Government subsequently demanded of Japan acknowledgment of full responsibility for the incident, an apology, punishment of the guilty individuals, and guaranties that similar incidents would not recur. After a temporizing "interim" reply and a long delay, the Japanese sent (and the British accepted) a note denying that Japanese responsibility was "proved," declaring that in any case the attack was an accident, regretting (not apologizing for) it, maintaining that the individuals responsible (if Japanese) could not be determined, and suggesting that the British co-operate by remaining — in effect — out of danger zones.*

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> England and the U. S. A. will not for ever be in the favourable position they are in today. Leave Japan to proceed in China, be afraid to call her bluff, let her have time, and she will be able with the possession of Chinese iron and coal and cotton, and with the profits from squeezing the masses of the Chinese people, soon to acquire the military invulnerability which she is falsely supposed to have already. In that event she may one day realize the dream of her ruling classes and become the mistress of Asia and of the South Pacific and cast her shadow over the whole world.

The dream is being realized.

The world may yet have to learn what can be done with 400,000,000 Chinese if Japan duplicates in China something of the record of Britain in India. A million and a quarter Indian troops were used by Britain in the last great war. How many Chinese troops are likely to be used when our children may have to face the completion of Japan's "civilizing task" in China?

The Illogic of Imperialists

In the old days, one twentieth part of the aggressions of which in the last year or two we have been victim would have brought all the might of the Empire into play. We should have seen young Englishmen suffering and dying as readily as we see today young Germans and Italians suffering and dying in Spain or Abyssinia as the case may be. But the deaths of those young Englishmen would have been on behalf of a narrow and often selfish and oppressive imperialism. It would have been called the "security of the British Empire," and those who died would have felt it to be such. But, in fact, their deaths would no more have added to the security of the Empire than the deaths of those who perished in the World War have added to it.

Today the Empire is more direly encompassed by dangers than she has ever been in her history, and we are relatively unmoved. Resistance to Japanese aggression when it was possible to resist (as it would cetainly have been in 1931 if the defensive possibilities on the political side had been adequately developed) would really have added to our security and would also have laid the foundation stones of a system of order and of peace in which others, too, might have found security. But, while the narrow and more futile purpose was able to evoke such magnificent heroism, the greater purpose can evoke none.

And it is a strange truth that, just because that defense of the Empire in 1931 and 1935 would have included the larger purpose, the imperialists would not have it. Had the cause of Japanese or Italian restraint been presented to the imperialists as a simple imperial interest in the old imperialist fashion, every jingo would have demanded instant action. But, since the Japanese and the Italians challenged the League as well as the Empire, the jingoes plainly hoped that that challenge would be successful.

Deterrent Forces

A further strange feature of the situation is this: Those who have thus encouraged Japan, applauded her, and applauded our recession before her, who have applauded the Italian aggression (and by so doing are so largely responsible for it — since it gave Mussolini the assurance he needed that he would not be resisted), who accept with calm acquiescence the establishment of Italy in a position in the Mediterranean that makes our strategic position so dangerous there, who hope for the victory of Franco (which would make that position just about impossible) — these persons continue to have a pathetic faith in the efficacy of national rearmament. But, however great the material arms which we possess, they must be completely inadequate for defense if collective action is ruled out and the political situation continues to disintegrate.

Take the most immediate aspect of national defense. Our Government has laid down as a primary axiom of Britain's defense that we cannot afford to see France overwhelmed. The principle of foreign policy now put forward by the Government is that, if that happens, the defense of the British Empire becomes impossible. So the Government has committed this country to the defense of France with a definiteness never before shown. If France is invaded, British armies once more fight upon her soil.

On the last occasion when British soldiers were resisting a German onslaught, there were on our side Russia, Japan, Italy, Rumania, the United States. And our victory was a very near thing indeed. On the next occasion we are likely to find Japan and Italy on the other side, the United States out of it. What possible chances of victory could we have? The only

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hope of victory would be that Russia, whose military power is possibly much greater today than it has ever been before, should fight on our side. But, if such a combination is to *deter* aggression, the fact that that indeed *will* be the combination must be known beforehand. If the aggressor is persuaded that such a combination never can be formed, why in the name of common sense should its power deter him?

To leave Russia out of the arrangement is to make sure that the Anglo-French alliance shall have the maximum of danger and the minimum of protective (that is to say, deterrent) power. So our imperialists continue to insist that it is outrageous to regard Russia as a potential ally, insist that, if Germany proceeds in combination with Japan to "eliminate" Russia, we should, in the interests of an anti-Socialist civilization, rejoice. A large proportion of the British press is still busy assuring Germany, Japan, and Italy that the destruction, one by one, of those nations whose continued existence and power is indispensable to our own security is a process which we shall watch with benevolent neutrality. Remembering our situation in the World War, what do we propose to do with our $10,000,000,000 worth of armament when all potential allies have disappeared?

A Dangerous Retreat

This curious combination of feverish rearmament and feverish retreat before every threat means that the aggressor, whether in China, in Spain, or in Africa, is quite uncertain when, if ever, we shall resist. Everywhere he has seen violence, the policy of the *fait accompli*, the sudden coup, meet with astonishing success. No one a few years ago could have believed that lawless violence could be committed not only with complete impunity but with such amazing success in terms of increasing power and prestige for those guilty of defying every law of treaty faith, of international obligation, of mercy, or of pity.

Since violence is so successful and since it is being justified by a whole philosophy, almost a religion, of ruthlessness, why should we expect to see it diminish? And, more particularly, why should we expect recession before it to check it? Indeed, the dictators are now pretty firmly convinced that they never will be resisted by Britain. The growth of that conviction means that our power is deprived of the one function which force can usefully perform in organized society — the function of deterrence, prevention, of ensuring defense without war.

This combination of huge armaments and retreat before threats is not pacifism. The ever growing armament is testimony that we reject the pacifist philosophy. Still less is the refusal to pledge our arms to an international cause, to the principle of collective security, pacifism. We have shown enough pacifism to destroy collective security, not enough pacifism to end competitive armament.

Our policy of retreat means that we are unable to decide when and at what point our power should be used. The men of violence who have so successfully used lawless force these last few years are certainly encouraged, in the face of that uncertainty, to gamble. Their judgment is not always of the best — easy success undermines judgment. One day they will go a fraction too far, and we shall get war — bitter, incredibly destructive, futile.

Morality among Nations

But perhaps the strangest of all the strange features of the present trend is this: That undermining of the judgment of the dictators, the casting aside of all moral standards, is repeatedly recommended in the name of peace and "good international understanding" — and by those who insist that the hope of peace lies in the growth of the moral sense. This school attaches immense importance to such documents as the Kellogg pact declaring any war entered upon for purposes of national policy to be a crime.

A dictator commits that crime in the most atrocious circumstances. What ought to be the attitude of nations if the moral sense of nations is to be maintained? And many of those who put reliance on the moral sense insist that the commission of the crime must make no difference at all in our relations with or attitude to the criminal. Massacre, private assassination, piracy have been followed by flattery almost fawning in its quality. Cynical violation of a solemn oath, defiance of every moral law is followed by marks of respect, cordial friendship. Does anyone suppose that the moral sense or moral standards are going to survive such a process?

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Take Your Profits from Defeat

by **WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON**

EVERY SUCCESSFUL individual whose career I have studied has learned to regard defeat as an investment, a psychological nucleus of ultimate good fortune. Success is always founded in great part on the profits of defeat; sometimes it is composed entirely of those profits. General Nathaniel Greene, for example, lost every battle in his Southern campaign during the Revolutionary War — and won the campaign. The British took the losses of successive victories; General Greene took the profits of successive defeats. Learning the technique of taking defeat profits is one of the most important steps toward success.

It is extremely important to distinguish defeat from failure. You often must accept defeat to avoid failure. Recognition of defeat is not quitting the fight — quite the opposite. It is the feeling of failure that makes you quit. And, if you are determined to go on fighting, you need all the advantages you have gained by being defeated. The eventual victor surveys the field of his temporary setback most carefully and finds there the foundation of final success.

What, then, are the profits of defeat? Defeat, rightly used, cures its own cause. When you undertake a project without proper preparation you will be stopped, if you are lucky, before your efforts are put to a final test. Defeat gives you the tip you need to equip yourself adequately for the task in hand. It shows you where your equipment is faulty before the fault has opportunity to wreck your plans with incurable finality. If you look on defeat in the light of a friendly tipster, the task of analyzing its causes within yourself becomes both interesting and profitable.

II

CONTRAST the results in two precisely similar cases of unpreparedness, one cured by defeat and the other lacking defeat's warning.

James Halstead wanted to drive a car on his summer vacation. He was an inexperienced driver and failed three times in his road test for an operator's license. His vacation, he said, was spoiled. But he took lessons from a friend on the trip and passed the test without difficulty on his return. He has driven safely ever since.

Evelyn Joyce couldn't drive, either. But Evelyn is a very pretty girl. She was examined, unfortunately, by a susceptible young policeman, and she got her license. Two weeks later she ran down and killed a child. Miss Joyce is now in a very serious nervous condition, undergoing psychiatric treatment. When she recovers she has to face a criminal trial and a civil suit. Defeat in time would have forced this girl to prepare herself properly or give up her project before it became dangerous.

Hiram Kimball, a middle-aged New Englander, had managed his uncle's bookshop successfully for more than twenty years. The uncle died, leaving his business to Hiram. Confident in his ability and knowledge of the book trade, Kimball expanded. He leased a new and desirable corner store, put in a larger stock of the latest books, engaged more clerks, and doubled his overhead expenses. A couple of years later he was in bankruptcy.

Hiram Kimball had not realized until he tried it that his home-city book market would not support a de luxe project. Defeat left him with the financial experience he had previously lacked, a lot of secondhand books which the receivers had been unable to dispose of, and a few hundred dollars privately saved in cash. He put defeat to work for him immediately. He built a shack with his own hands on a much traveled automobile highway, spread his old books invitingly all over the place, and sat down with his pipe to await results. They came

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with surprising promptness. Secondhand books, as Hiram well knew, are gateways to mental adventure which few passers-by can refrain from exploring. Motorists from all parts of America stopped at Kimball's improvised shop, opened scores of books, and bought dozens.

In three seasons Hiram made twice the money he had lost. His defeat was the beginning of a brilliant and original success.

Besides the practical knowledge which defeat offers, there are important personality profits to be taken. Defeat strips away false values and makes you realize what you really want. It stops you from chasing butterflies and puts you to work digging gold.

William Sydney Porter was not fortunate enough to be born into a penniless family with no business prospects. Had he been blessed with complete poverty at the beginning, he might not have needed a more unpleasant variety of defeat later in life to force his genius into its natural channel. He began his career in his uncle's drugstore at Greensboro, North Carolina, and graduated into banking in Texas. His desire to write found sporadic outlets from time to time, but was snowed under by his conflicting drive to make money quickly. The law caught Porter wandering from the path of financial rectitude and put a final quietus to his business ambitions. He was indicted for embezzlement, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for five years. In his cell he began to write. He published his short stories under the pen name of O. Henry.

With all conflicting desires stripped away, the prisoner devoted every atom of his cooped-up energy to creating the best literary product of which he was capable. He no longer worried about quick profits or social ambitions. Under these conditions of defeat (for every part of him but his genius) Porter carved out a niche for himself in the hall of literary immortals. His work set a new pattern which still controls the short-story field. O. Henry's defeat, devastating as it was, returned the richest of profits in personality development and worldly success.

III

NOTHING AROUSES a real person's courage and compelling desire to such a pitch as preliminary defeat. The human organism is built on the principle of a gyroscope. Every push from the outside releases an opposite and superior rush of energy from the great reservoirs of the brain. The purpose of this counter-thrust is to overcome and drive out destructive impulses injected into the body by environment. It is the simplest and most fundamental of human responses — *dominance.*

The reaction of dominance is the first of the four primary emotions to appear. It causes young babies to howl lustily when things are not to their liking. If you let a baby grasp a rod and then try to pull it away, he will cling tighter and tighter until his whole weight is suspended from his hands like a little monkey swinging on a trapeze. And it is the same primitive dominance which supplies new and greater strength every time you are defeated. If you utilize this natural, defeat-given power, you can attain with it far greater success than you are capable of when all is serene and easy sailing.

Heroism is definitely a defeat product. It is a quality you may attain only by looking at misfortune unflinchingly and striking back with all your might. For the realization of this profit alone, defeat is worth while. If it releases in your brain an unbeatable dominance, you are already a conqueror: *nothing* can keep you from success.

Contrary to popular belief, heroes are made, not born. They are made by being defeated. Theodore Roosevelt, who led his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill in the face of a withering rifle fire and who insisted on finishing a political speech after a would-be assassin had pumped a revolver bullet into his breast point-blank at a two-yard range, got that way by virtue of a good licking he took as a terrified boy. T. R. made up his exceedingly dominant mind then and there that he would learn to box, to shoot, to play tough games with the best of them, and to give them more than he received. He carried out his resolution because he had the impetus of humiliating defeat behind him.

T. R.'s fifth cousin, Franklin D. Roosevelt, acquired a victory drive, which carried him on the most exhausting national speaking tour ever indulged in by a presidential candidate, in precisely the same way. President Roosevelt took his whipping from infantile paralysis. It is significant to note that injury to his powers of self-locomotion resulted in a travel drive

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which could not be thwarted by the unanimous advice of all his political advisers. But there was more to it than that. If you check the dates of the President's career you will observe that his winning political projects all began *after* his physical Waterloo. To best the disease, he had to release within his brain and nervous system a counterattack which naturally flowed over into all his success-seeking behavior.

You can do the same sort of thing in the same way. Cultivate the hero response. Build up in your mind the habit of trying harder the more difficult a task becomes. When something knocks you down, come up fighting. Edgar Allen Poe was right in believing that you can make yourself feel a certain way by looking the part. Do it. Make sure that you come back stronger every time you are defeated. The will to win builds itself like coral, each small unit cementing itself to the solid mass of its fellows and raising the strong structure of courage that much higher. Form the habit of capitalizing your every defeat by extracting from it dominant resolution.

IV

DEFEAT IS nothing to be ashamed of. Everybody who gets anywhere suffers defeat not once but many times. Recognizing your defeats as such and using them as stepping-stones is part of the job of *living*. A defeat has to be accepted as a normal experience in life's learning process. It is not in itself pleasant, but attacking and mastering it is most entertaining. Defeat must be faced while it still confronts you. Now is the time to stop running away. Defeat is less to be feared than success, because defeat for the time being relieves you of responsibility. The worst has happened, and all you have to do is carry on along some new and more promising tack with the profits of defeat safely stored away in your mind, where nobody can steal them.

But defeat is a dead loss to you if you refuse to recognize it. You not only lose all the potential profits which you have made by being defeated but you also lose your ability to take them and carry on to victory. Not the defeat itself but the fleeing from it fills your mind with fear. If you face your imagined humiliation, analyze it, and learn why you failed to make your previous objective, you give yourself a definite advantage over your opponents. You then perceive a specific obstacle to climb over instead of a vague, terrifying bogeyman of imagined inferiority which is likely to leap upon you at every step in your next undertaking.

I know a man who suffered some very unpleasant consequences from a love affair with a red-headed woman. When he sees a girl with red hair now, he turns around — quite literally — and runs away. I persuaded him to accept an introduction to a red-haired girl once and I was afraid the experiment would prove fatal. His face turned white as death, and the pupils of his eyes dilated with fear. To everybody but himself, this fellow's phobia is amusing. But for him the menace of red pigment in a woman's hair is very real and painful. Instead of facing his defeat, analyzing its real causes, and taking profits in future relationships, he runs desperately from unpleasant memory.

It will pay you to search your own behavior for stupidities of this type and get rid of them. There are people who have lost their jobs who are afraid to ask for work; people cruelly rebuffed when they sought a raise in salary who are afraid now to speak to the boss; mothers whose children almost drowned who will not permit them to go into the water to learn to swim. Any fear of defeat which you do not possess will impress you as ridiculous. But the chances are you have a pet defeat of your own which you run away from with equal unreasonableness. All you have to do is face it squarely, and your fear will vanish. Realizing that every defeat, no matter how trivial or important, holds profits more valuable than its losses helps you to face your seeming setbacks and pull them apart.

Many of the people who are so concerned with the passing unpleasantness of defeat become similarly absorbed in their enjoyment of an apparent success and consequently fail to perceive its hidden losses. It is an interesting fact that one of the chief causes of failure among new businesses is not preliminary defeat but overrapid success.

I had occasion once to analyze a patent-medicine account for an advertising agency. The medicine company sold a reducing salt which cost very little to manufacture. It had been reaching a limited market, making relatively large profits, and building the business slowly but safely. The advertising agents un-

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dertook to put over the product in a big way. They ran ads in newspapers all over the country picturing a delectable young woman dressed in a baby's most informal costume and sitting in the basket of a baby's scales: *Two Pounds Lost At Every Bath!* The ad was a huge success. Orders poured into the company's office. Sales jumped suddenly so far ahead of production that the filling of orders ran weeks behind. I advised my client, the agency, that too much success was killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. But the agency president laughed at my warning and severed my connection with his company — one of my own profitable defeats. The salts company failed, carrying my former client with it. If only the girl in the basket had been less attractive, success might have been halted by preliminary defeat, and two profitable enterprises might still be flourishing.

V

People who are afraid to face reality try in many ways to disguise from themselves the fact that they are running away from defeat. The simplest way is to tell yourself that you are not defeated, that you are making satisfactory progress when, as a matter of fact, you are completely blocked. I know a man who tries to keep his self-confidence by continually telling himself and his friends that he is about to get a promotion. His underconsciousness isn't fooled; he knows well enough in his secret thoughts that he long ago reached the limit of advancement in his present position. Actually he is losing confidence in himself with every futile and pathetic attempt to cover up defeat.

Another common method of trying to whitewash defeat so that your own mind won't recognize it is to blame somebody else for your lack of success. There usually is plenty of logic in this type of defeat camouflage. Other people have treated you badly, no doubt. They have cheated you perhaps, used you ruthlessly for their own purposes, or unjustly denied you some reward which might have been yours. But that isn't the point. You must win success in the world as it is. The bad character and unpleasant behavior of the people you are dealing with simply represent one of the obstacles you have to surmount. You *can* surmount it if you acknowledge that you are defeated and that this is what defeated you. Instead of losing confidence, feeling that progress is hopeless because you are up against stronger men whose character you cannot change, say to yourself: "These people are blocking me. I cannot alter their natures. I haven't time to try. But I can and will find some avenue of progress where they cannot block me." When you do that you have taken a very valuable profit from your defeat. For you can always find associates and superiors who will help rather than hinder you.

Another trick some people try to play on themselves is to "forget" their defeats. There might be merit in this method of falsely encouraging yourself, if it were psychologically possible to amputate unpleasant memories. But it isn't. All you can do is repress them, bury them deep in your underconsciousness where they cannot easily be recalled. Experiences thus buried throw off emotional poisons, fears, depressions, hatreds, antisocial feelings.

Unpleasant memories which are denied outlet work beneath the surface, because mind stuff is dynamic. It consists not of dead matter but of living nerve energy. Complexes thus created in your underconsciousness soon become dangerous. They cause not only mental disorders but physical sicknesses. And, instead of bolstering up your self-confidence, such a complex in time will destroy it completely. *It will drive you to seek escape from the whole struggle for success.* Trying to forget defeat is a dangerous business. You must work twice as hard, later, to dig up the memory again and change it to a pleasant energizer.

Defeat is a part of living, an important part. Regard it as a leaden casket full of rare jewels. Pry off the lid and enrich yourself with the gift of fate. Consider carefully and honestly the profits of personality and wisdom which each defeat brings you.

If the shock of imagined failure has numbed your brain for the moment, so that you cannot think clearly, go out on a party, chop down a tree, punch a heavy bag — do something violent and unusual. Then sleep for a while. When you wake up you will find that your brain is thinking hard and fast. Now is the time to spot your profits and so make your comeback. Note particularly the false values, the silly, futile desires which this temporary setback has stripped away. Then set your fundamental desires to work, free from the encumbrances which defeat has removed.

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The Truth about the C.I.O.

by **LOUIS ADAMIC**

DURING THE acrimonious Little Steel strike, last summer, the President suddenly declared the country's attitude toward the current capital-labor conflicts was: a plague on both your houses! The remark was, perhaps, politically necessary from the viewpoint of the diverse legislative irons the Administration had then in the fire; or it may be that Mr. Roosevelt had need of venting his own momentary feeling about the complex, bitter situation that had abruptly developed in connection or simultaneously with that strike. Whatever its immediate motive and purpose, the remark was, in the long run, not the wisest thing to say. In the long run, Americans as a nation have no such attitude. Nor, of course, has the President.

Yet, at the time he uttered it, it echoed true and appropriate in millions of craniums the country over. And it echoed truest and most appropriate in the emptiest of craniums — those in which the "thinking" about capital-labor struggles, unhampered by knowledge or understanding, swings freely around or concerns itself solely with issues, incidents, and personalities of the moment. Especially around incidents and personalities. People get upset or enthused about John Lewis or Tom Girdler, the Chicago Memorial Day massacre or the strikers' tactics which momentarily obstruct mail delivery in an Ohio steel town. They know nothing else nor can know anything else, at least not at the moment. They are mostly emotional; their feelings run hot and cold at the conflicting reports of complex situations. Presently they can't make head or tail of anything — their feelings cannot run hot and cold indefinitely — so, to the devil with the whole business! They don't really think, merely react. Lacking any idea of the capital-labor problem as a *whole*, they see a strike or some other event as an isolated thing. They do not know that the capital-labor problem, with its strikes, outbursts of violence, threats, and rumblings, is an important (just now, perhaps, the most important) phase of the American Process, which, albeit seldom if ever clearly visualized by the majority of people, has now for 200 years been, fumblingly but consistently, working for more and more democracy in all departments of our national life — for more and more social, economic, and political liberty and equality.

LABOR'S LONG STRUGGLE

WHAT I CALL the American Process began quite definitely in the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Its first climax, the Revolutionary War, led to the writing of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Constitution's postscript — the Bill of Rights; to the birth of a new nation and the establishment of political equality and the freedom of assembly, speech, press, and religion. Its second climax was the Civil War, resulting in the abolition of inequalities between the Northern and the Southern commerce and the establishment of theoretical equality, in certain respects and functions, for the negro with the white man. Early in this century, the question of women's political equality with men came up, and was theoretically settled with the nineteenth amendment, letting time put it into practical effect. And almost ever since the first climax in American history there has been going on the sporadic-seeming but really constant, the seldom articulated but always strongly instinctive struggle of labor for democracy in the shop and factory, which have been from the start — and, for the most part, are to this day — palpably undemocratic, absolutist, or (to use a popular word) fascist institutions, with the employer the sole authority, having power which he most often exercises for his own immediate profit. His power extends not only through the shop or factory but also, by virtue of his

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economic standing, into politics, education, religion, and most other important public processes and institutions which might be used to improve conditions in industry and to improve generally the quality, tone, and color of civilization.

For decades labor's struggle was essentially, in the immediate sense, for nothing else, nothing more concrete than the acceptance by the public and its representatives in government of the concept that workers were not a mere commodity but men, women, and children and as such, in America, entitled to the right to claim anything as their due that was claimed by any other human element in the land. By and large, this struggle was won after many battles with the absolutist, undemocratic powers controlling and running the industries and, to a great extent, the government. And the victory demanded many martyrs. However, it was won not by labor alone or by the working class as a whole but by comparatively small, aggressive labor movements. These sprang out of conditions of glaring inequality, and were never backed by a majority of workers as such. But (and this is important) they had seldom if ever the immediate but always the eventual support of a majority of the politically active American people who, consciously or otherwise, were addicted to democracy as a principle and a way of life, individually and nationally.

The first State law recognizing the workers' right to organize and strike was passed in this country 101 years ago. It was enacted not only because an aggressive small group of workers wanted it but because those workers received the approbation of a majority of the politically active democratic citizens in the State. Since that first victory, the militancy and effectiveness of American labor movements and their leaders have grown, with occasional seeming lapses, by leaps and bounds, reaching a new high along with the early New Deal, which encouraged organization, while for about a year now, with the Committee for Industrial Organization under the leadership of John Lewis rapidly becoming one of the most potent factors in our national life, it has been clear that we are approaching — how rapidly it is as yet difficult to say — the third climax in the American Process. This climax may not be as distinct as were the first two, but, *unless America becomes a country much different from what she started out to be*, it will ultimately lead on from the now still, in the main, only theoretically accepted idea that labor is a human element in the establishment of actual democracy or equality in industry — and this either as between capital and labor in some well-defined partnership or through the abolition of capital as we now know it.

A Liberal Citizen's View

The above fundamentals are prerequisites to any attempt at sound thinking about the labor situation as it is developing in this country. Without them, a serious person, who can never quite assume the neat "plague on both your houses!" impartiality, is bound sooner or later to end in deep confusion, as did a liberal and progressive friend of mine in Cleveland. Quoting Shakespeare, the President did not quite speak for him, "But almost," my friend told me, when I visited him early in September.

"You know," he went on, "the steel strike began on a sudden. The C.I.O. top leaders themselves, as I heard soon after it had started, didn't expect or want it when it broke out — weren't ready for it. The strike was a spontaneous movement that grew out of workers' grievances, and I was all for the men as against Tom Girdler — whom I know personally, by the way. He is a very competent man when it comes to making steel but a tough guy, if there ever was one, with whom fighting is practically a habit. . . . I watched the strike from its beginning, not only in Cleveland but, as far as I could, in Youngstown, Canton, Johnstown, and other Little Steel towns. The C.I.O. leadership took hold of it and probably did its best in what it considered a bad situation not of its own making; but, although I make no claim to being an expert in strike tactics, its very best didn't seem any good to me. The C.I.O. leaders' moves looked to me one blunder after another.

"They announced the strike's aim was to get contracts with the Little Steel companies, such as labor had with Big Steel and many small firms. Of course, John Lewis and Philip Murray meant that, once they sat down with the employers in conference, they would be in position to bring up the men's grievances. The trouble was that *contract* is too abstract a word to

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have any clear or vital meaning for the average steelworker who has not yet been educated in collective-bargaining terminology but is hot and bothered about concrete grievances; and, when nothing was said about them by the top leaders, he soon lost interest in the fight and, in most cases, became ready to return to work. This was blunder number one, of which Girdler and company took quick advantage.

"I did not approve — naturally — of the unions' interference with mail delivery in Steubenville and elsewhere, but, though unquestionably a serious blunder, which gave the reactionary press a chance to raise a big howl, I thought it was due to bad judgment of local leaders, who were young, inexperienced, excited, eager to show their power.

"The next big blunder, in Ohio, was that the steel leaders trusted Governor Davey. When he ordered out the National Guard, which I knew — without being on the inside — he did intending to break the strike, the unions sent delegations to the station to welcome the soldiers, under the delusion that they came to take over their picket lines. Dumb! . . . It's not easy to sympathize with a loser but it's downright hard to sympathize with a cause losing to fellows like Girdler, Weir, and Davey through its own blunders — even though there may be all sorts of extenuations for those blunders. And, when your sympathies go weak, you're inclined to believe all sorts of things about the loser and his friends and relations and say, 'Oh, hell!'

"When, during the strike, the Cleveland police captured a couple of cars filled with obvious plug-uglies, who were armed and carried C.I.O. buttons or cards on them, most Clevelanders turned against the strikers. I, myself, had an 'Oh, hell!' moment; and when it developed that the gangsters had apparently been hired by the A. F. of L. forces opposed to the C.I.O., with orders to get themselves arrested and photographed in order to discredit the C.I.O., I experienced, along with a pain in the neck, a dizzy sensation where my brains are supposed to be. Well, if such things went on, labor pulling dirty tricks on labor, what could you think? I couldn't spend my time investigating such incidents. Whom to believe? How could I be sure the C.I.O. hadn't really hired and equipped the gangsters, intending to blame them on the A. F. of L.? You certainly couldn't find much fault with anyone for saying the equivalent of 'a plague on both your houses!'

"My sympathies are naturally with the underdog and the 'have not.' I am, somehow, for fair play. Everybody ought to have a chance in life, including the fellow who maybe doesn't deserve it. The industrial-democracy idea is swell. John Lewis, Phillip Murray, and Sidney Hillman may be wonderful men who know what it is all about. But, frankly, when Roosevelt made his crack I had to exert all the something-or-other in me to curb an impulse to applaud, figuratively speaking: for during the steel strike all manner of other damned things kept happening as part of the Cleveland labor situation.

"Like numerous shops or factories in town, the place where I work got all tied up in a knot because of a jurisdictional dispute between two A. F. of L. unions, aggravated by a C.I.O. threat to come in and organize the workers not available to become members of either of the

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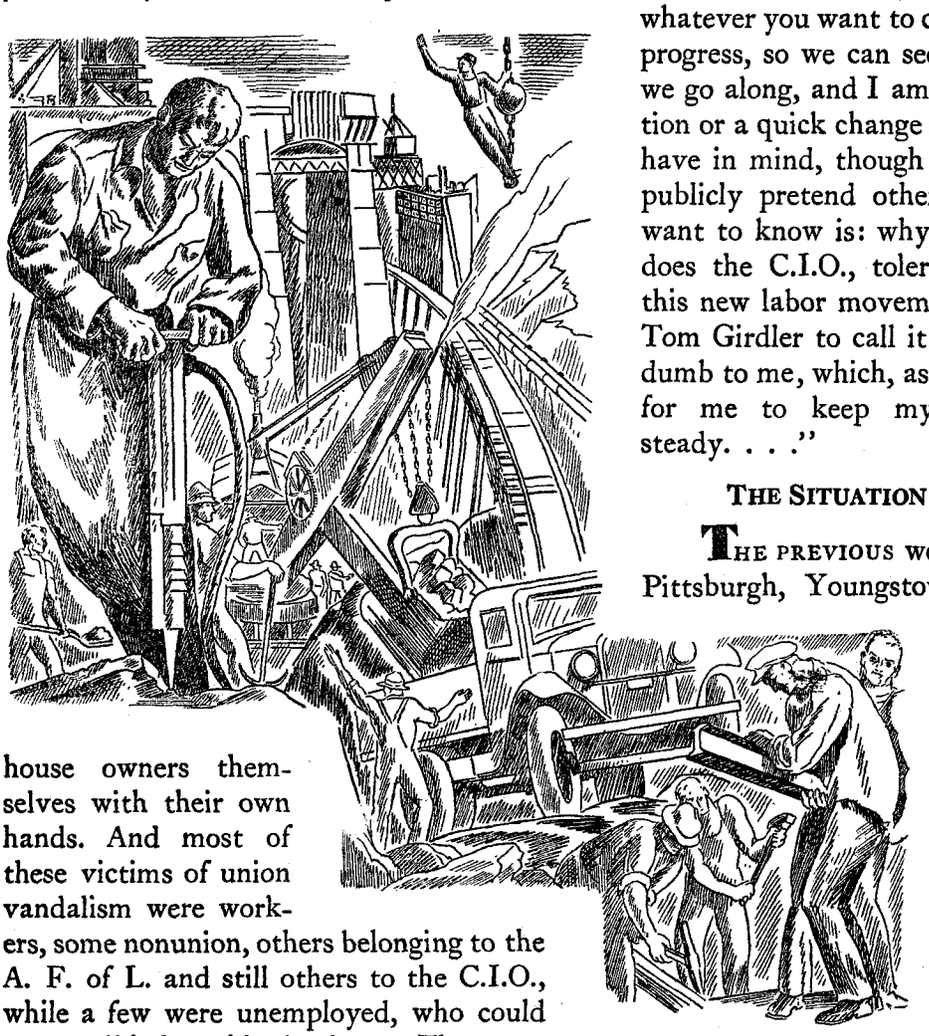
disputing unions. Disgusting! Instead of trying to figure out how to get together and do something to increase labor's constructive effectiveness in the country, they work up a three-cornered fight.

"Then the A. F. of L. union painters drove through the city nights, splattering tar on newly painted houses — newly painted, mind you, not by hired nonunion painters but by



house owners themselves with their own hands. And most of these victims of union vandalism were workers, some nonunion, others belonging to the A. F. of L. and still others to the C.I.O., while a few were unemployed, who could not possibly have hired painters. The newspapers made much of this, and the city, including naturally prolabor people like me, as well as many workingmen, perhaps a majority of them, got dizzier and dizzier trying to figure out what was what and why.

"Finally, the other day, I got to talking with a cab driver. What did he think of all these strikes, the C.I.O., and so on? He said, 'Not much; to hell with 'em all!' He told me of his own union, which, he hastened to remark, was no union but a racket, part of the A. F. of L. The same men ran the taxi company and the union. As union officials, they forced themselves (in the capacity of employers) to maintain a closed shop. As employers, they paid the drivers nine dollars or eleven dollars a week. As union officials, they made the drivers pay dues, which they stuck into their pockets. If a cab driver kicked about this setup, he got kicked out on his ear. . . . What can the average man think of a situation like that when he hears of it?

"One more thing. A liberal, progressive, whatever you want to call me, I am for gradual progress, so we can see what we are doing as we go along, and I am against violent revolution or a quick change such as the communists have in mind, though just now they seem to publicly pretend otherwise . . . and what I want to know is: why does John Lewis, why does the C.I.O., tolerate the communists in this new labor movement and thereby enable Tom Girdler to call it communistic? It seems dumb to me, which, as I say, makes it difficult for me to keep my prolabor sympathies steady. . . ."

The Situation in Little Steel

The previous week, visiting Johnstown, Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Akron, and lesser industrial cities, I had met a number of liberals, progressives, and decent, well-meaning New Deal Democrats who had not expressed themselves as thoroughly as had my above quoted Cleveland friend but whose natural prolabor sympathies were as unsteady and confused as his. In every case, this unsteadiness and confusion seemed to date from the Little Steel strike and were owing mainly to their knowing only a few local facts without seeing the truth of the situation as a whole or understanding the fundamentals of the capital-labor problem, which I attempted to state briefly early in this article. Almost everything that perturbed my Cleveland friend was factually, in the local Cleveland sense, exactly as he told me; yet he was basically and typically nearly all wrong. The truth of the things that disturbed him was really something on this order:

(1) When I discussed the Little Steel strike

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with the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee officials in Pittsburgh, they were unaware of having committed any serious blunders in that strike. True, they had not wanted the walkout; the sentiment for it had developed more or less out of the working conditions, and there was nothing to do but make the best of an unplanned, spontaneous, unadvantageous development. In demanding contracts, instead of airing the workers' numerous grievances, which were different in every mill, the S.W.O.C. and C.I.O. leaders had done only what had hitherto proven highly successful in their drive to unionize the steel industry.

As for Governor Davey, he had promised the C.I.O. representatives in Columbus to use the National Guard impartially, to prevent violence; then he betrayed them and broke the strike. But, as one S.W.O.C. official was quick to point out to me, this had another side. Davey had, thereby, stuck out his political neck, which they will chop off when his term of office expires next year.

As for Tom Girdler and the Republic Steel Corporation, their victory over the C.I.O. was mostly a matter of sensational headlines. The strike — which, incidentally, has not yet been called off as I write this late in September and which remains in effect in several Republic mills, so that they operate at but from ten to twenty per cent of their capacity — has already cost the corporation $10,000,000 and by the end of 1937 is apt to cost it another $10,000,000 in lost production and orders. Many of Republic's former regular customers are now giving their orders to Big Steel or to small independents who, having signed C.I.O. contracts, are — unlike Republic — sure that their production schedules will not be upset by strikes in the near future.

Everybody in the steel industry, including Girdler himself, knows that before long Little Steel, especially Republic, will in all probability have another strike on its hands, one which will be well organized and not forced from below but directed from above. As I write, the C.I.O. is sending its best organizers to Republic mills; plans and preliminaries are being worked out, and money is being laid aside for a strike to the finish. This climax seems inevitable, unless the intelligently selfish Republic stockholders, who feel they are losing money on account of his violent antiunion stand, shortly compel Girdler either to sign up with the C.I.O., as Big Steel has done, or get out of the company, making room for someone less unyielding and less habitually pugnacious.

The S.W.O.C. men in Pittsburgh feel that, if it takes place, this anti-Girdler strike will rank in importance with the action the United Automobile Workers are planning against Ford. It will not break until they are ready in every respect, and their victory will have several elements. They will "get" Girdler, secure a contract from Republic, and give a strong hint to all would-be Girdlers of what is in store for them. Still more important — they will demonstrate to the rank and file of labor that the thing to do is not to pull ill-organized, so-called spontaneous strikes but to wait till organization is strong and complete and time opportune. Often, under proper leadership, no strike but merely the threat of one is necessary to win contracts and other concessions.

(2) Most of the so-called top leaders in the C.I.O. unions are either very competent old-time unionists, of whom S.W.O.C.'s Phillip Murray is the best example, or highly intelligent, naturally able new men, such as Homer Martin of the U.A.W. A good many local or district leaders, however, are young, new, inexperienced, not overintelligent, ill-balanced. Many are motivated by petty personal aspirations that have scant relation to the great cause of labor. That is inevitable. The C.I.O. is one of the biggest things ever conceived in this country. In slightly over a year, its membership has grown to close to 4,000,000, and this figure possibly will double in another year. All sorts of people are getting into it, inevitably. They are taking over all sorts of jobs and functions. Many who do not belong in responsible positions doubtless will gradually be eliminated from them. Meantime their ill-considered actions are not to be ascribed to the C.I.O. movement as a whole.

(3) Many cities just now — for one, Cleveland, which has a corrupt, top-heavy, and not incompetent A. F. of L. organization — are scenes of unutterably dirty struggles between the old A. F. of L. and the new C.I.O. In Cleveland, as I write these words, A. F. of L. "fakers," by direct orders from bitter, aging William Green, are hiring themselves out to textile mills as virtual strikebreakers and organizers of company unions. All this is with the aim of

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halting the great, long delayed tide of C.I.O. organization, while A. F. of L. unions — many of which, by virtue of the A. F. of L. philosophy, were never democratic or equalitarian but always discriminatory and shot through with semigangsterism — are sinking closer and closer to the status of rackets.

But Green & Co. will not be long with us. Entire State federations and city labor councils are on the verge of seizing them and tossing them into oblivion, for increasing numbers of A. F. of L. workers see no sense in fighting, or indeed are sympathetic with, the C.I.O., which they realize is bound sooner or later to take over the old organization.

(4) John Lewis, as I pointed out in my article about him in this magazine for March of this year, is no communist or communist sympathizer. Nor, of course, is the C.I.O. a communistic outfit. It is a mass trade-union movement. When the C.I.O. was started, a considerable number of Communist Party members and communist sympathizers were scattered along the various labor fronts. Lewis and the rest of the C.I.O. were unwilling to engage in red baiting, which might only confuse things; besides, they could use the communists, some of whom had had organizing experience.

Since then many communists have been used and naturally eliminated from responsible positions. Not a few others have mainly shed their communism and are scheming how they can advance themselves in the C.I.O. movement, which is full of opportunity for coming young men. Some of those who remain members of the Communist Party, which now stands for the "united front," are often to the right of non-Communist C.I.O. leaders or organizers, whom they endeavor to keep from doing anything drastic which might disrupt the "united front." They fight the "Trotskyists," who consider themselves the real revolutionary communists but whose number is scarcely sufficient to provide steady sport for the "Stalinists." It is true that every once in a while General Secretary Earl Browder of the Communist Party sends out a release boasting of how much his party is doing to keep the C.I.O. going, but that is to kid his superiors in Moscow. Incidentally, he acts as a hollow, pretentious stooge for Bill Green and Tom Girdler, who paraphrase his boasts to suit their momentary fascistic, undemocratic purposes.

Toward Industrial Democracy

With all the faults of its leaders and in spite (as well as because) of the nasty and complex labor situation currently developing in this country, the C.I.O., to repeat, is clearly an expression and manifestation of the American laboring masses' urge — as yet ill understood in their own minds — for democracy and equality, as against absolutism or fascism, in the shop and factory and for more democracy, more liberty, less absolutism generally in the life of the American people.

In the C.I.O., in contrast to the A. F. of L., white and black men belong to the same unions. Many A. F. of L. organizations discriminate (unofficially, of course) also against non-Irish immigrants, non-Catholics, and even against American-born citizens with Polish, Slovak, Croatian, Lithuanian, Finnish, or other "foreign" names, while in the C.I.O. many local-union and district leaders are immigrants or immigrants' American-born sons, quite regardless of their names. The C.I.O. has no Jim Crowism or alien baiting, and this is a victory for equality that is of paramount importance to all America. The C.I.O. may well become one of the most important factors in the delicate and vital process of integration of our heterogeneous population.

As one of the biggest things yet conceived and attempted in the United States (and as I suggested in my Forum article on John Lewis), the C.I.O. is of course pregnant with dangers to itself, labor generally, and the country. But, as far as it has gone, it undoubtedly is on the right track. It must be watched locally but also — and especially — as a whole. It must be criticized. It ought to have the steady general support of intelligent, democratic Americans who don't want America to become anything different from what she started out to be. The C.I.O. deserves such support, if not for every detail of its movement, certainly for what it is fundamentally — a logical development of the American Process, a part of America's approach to the next climax in that Process. Such support will steady its direction and measurably decrease and temper its inherent dangers to itself and country. And such support will grow, if all goes well, till all America, true to its oldest and best traditions, will approve what C.I.O. is now starting out to accomplish.

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Should We Vote on War?

A Debate

I—Hold the Voters Responsible

***by* LOUIS LUDLOW**

THE PEOPLE of the United States are becoming tired of being eternally the buffer in the game of war. They have to do the suffering and the dying. They have to furnish the sons for cannon fodder. They have to pay the huge expense in material, money, and resources.

And now they are asking why they should not have something to say as to whether war shall be declared in the future. They are asking why a question so tragic in its nature, so intimately interwoven with life and death, involving the welfare, the happiness, the very existence of millions of our people, as a declaration of war (other than to defend us from invasion) should not be submitted to them for their own decision.

There is no reason why the people should not have the power and responsibility to decide on foreign wars. Congress now has that power, because the framers of our constitution felt the representatives of the people would best be fitted to decide such a grave matter. That was before the days of widespread popular education, modern communication and methods of information. Today the people are informed. They keep abreast of national and international problems. They are capable of deciding whether or not they want to take part in wars on foreign soil.

An amendment to the Constitution will be necessary to give this power to the people. With that end in view, in the last session of Congress, I introduced a resolution for a proposed amendment, the text of which reads as follows:

> Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of each House concurring therein), That the following article is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states:
>
> Except in the event of an invasion of the United States or its territorial possessions and attack upon its citizens residing therein, the authority of Congress to declare war shall not become effective until confirmed by a majority of all votes cast thereon in a nation-wide referendum. Congress, when it deems a national crisis to exist, may by concurrent resolution refer the question of war or peace to the citizens of the states, the question to be voted on being, Shall the United States declare war on ———? Congress may otherwise by law provide for the enforcement of this section.

Let me point out emphatically that this proposed amendment for a national referendum would apply only in the question of our engaging in *foreign* wars. If our nation should be attacked or invaded, no vote of the people would be needed to repel the enemy. The President would still be commander in chief of the army and navy and could act immediately for our defense. Congress would retain the power to declare war in case of invasion of our shores and threat of danger to our lives, homes, or property. Furthermore, this proposal in no manner impairs our national defense. It is not an invitation for aggressive nations to impose their will on us. It is notice to the rest of the world that we will not join in insane efforts to destroy civilization with warfare unless a majority of our people approves such a course.

II

I HOLD OUR Constitution in the highest reverence. I will never be a party to amending it for any light and inconsequential causes. But here is a matter of supreme importance. Let me give my reasons for asking support for this proposal, now generally called the "peace amendment."

It will return to the people a power that rightfully belongs to them. War may now be declared by Congress, which means by a majority of both branches, a total of 267 indi-

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viduals, while about 127,000,000 other people have nothing directly to say about it. Thus we find the war power vested in a small group in Washington, a group that may be singularly influenced and dominated by one other individual, the President of the United States.

I should be the last person in the world to cast aspersions on my fellow members of Congress. I have a good opinion of their ability and patriotism. But there are countless influences that may now be brought to bear on Congress to force a declaration of war — the munitions profiteers, the bankers who hold great stakes in financing future wars, the organized minority groups which control enough votes for the congressman's defeat at the next election — these are but examples of those who may exert pressure on Congress when international relations become strained.

In addition, if the man who happens to be president at a time of national emergency is inclined toward undue centralization of power, to what tyrannical lengths might he not go in demanding of Congress the war power, plunging America into a conflict to satisfy his own whims?

When war pressure is applied to members of Congress from numerous sources and the propagandists for strife and bloodshed begin dinning in their ears such pleasant-sounding phrases as *national honor* and *patriotic action*, many members will crack under the strain and vote for a war their better judgment knows is not necessary and doesn't want. Many who voted for the last war lived to question the wisdom of that move.

Under the proposed plan, the question of war or peace will be decided in the privacy of the ballot booth, and the majority of all ballots will be the verdict of the combined judgment and conscience of America. Schemers, profiteers, and propagandists will not be able to rush the people into war. Ulterior influences cannot reach and tamper with this jury.

It is a step toward strengthening the democratic process in our nation. And democracy is on the defensive the world over. The World War was supposed to be a war to end war and to "make the world safe for democracy." Yet since its termination nineteen democracies have died, and the liberties of the people of many nations have been crushed beneath the iron fists of dictators. America should take every possible step to serve notice to the rest of the world that in this nation democracy is being preserved and strengthened.

Placing this power and responsibility upon the people would bring them to a sharp realization of their duty to avert the "next war" toward which so many of the nations seem steadily advancing. And, if their efforts fail in averting the catastrophe, then to decide upon a course of action that will prevent our plunging into the vortex of destruction. There is no question but that the forces dragging the world toward another general war are powerful and many. War now broods over three quarters of the globe. The civil war in Spain threatens to light the fire of a raging European conflict. In the Orient a tragic struggle has begun. Dictators and military leaders, mad with lust for power and economic advantages, are sounding their call to arms.

Let the people say whether we shall join them again! Let them say whether their sons shall be hauled into foreign slaughter pens to help "settle" quarrels of alien origin by outworn methods that never again in history can settle anything. Why should not the mothers of American youth have something to say as to whether their flesh and blood shall be offered as further sacrifice on the altars of Mars?

III

THERE IS no doubt how a vast majority of our people would vote on a proposal to engage in foreign wars. They would vote to stay out of them, to continue our international relations on a peaceful basis. Secretary of State Cordell Hull expressed the sentiment of the American people at the Buenos Aires conference last winter when he said:

> Those who sit in the masters' seats and shape the destinies of other men are under the most imperative of mandates to leave unexplored no course which may avoid war. The real patriots and the real heroes of the future will be the leaders who find and follow the road to peace.

Pledges of an active support of measures to strengthen America's leadership in world peace were made by both major political parties in their platforms of 1936. This proposition I advocate has been endorsed by the 21 railroad brotherhoods, the American War Mothers, numerous religious groups and leaders, 65 presidents of colleges and universities, and

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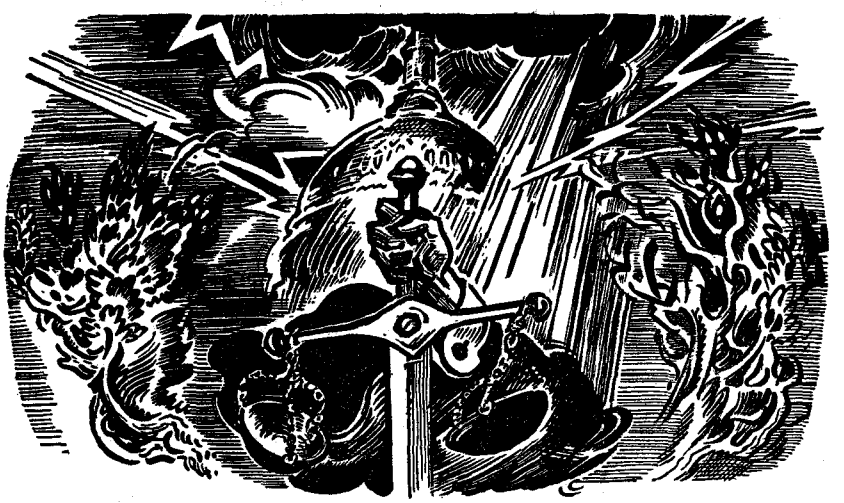
almost countless individuals in petitions to Congress. The people are eager to assume this responsibility.

The only tenable argument ever made against a war referendum, that it would consume too much time and thus give the "enemy" an advantage, has been completely nullified by modern perfection in the means of communication. On this subject Admiral Samuel McGowan, a great officer of the World War, has given expert testimony:

> There seems to be a very general misapprehension as to the time required to hold a referendum. The United States has long since graduated out of the stage-coach and pony-express class, and there is no reason whatever why, in this day of railroads and airplanes, the telegraph, telephone, and radio, we could not refer the question of war or peace to the people of the country and have their answer back within a week — indeed, within 48 hours, if absolutely necessary.

This proposal has nothing whatever to do with the size or effectiveness of our national defense. It affects only the one point: how the war-making power shall be exercised — whether by a little group or oligarchy in Washington or by the people who have to do the suffering and pay the bills.

If in every country of the globe the war power could be democratized and vested with the people, war probably would vanish from the earth in this generation, for the plain people do not want war. They are sick of its heartaches, of its grief and pain, of its terrible cost, of its futility. America has always been noted for her primacy as an exponent of righteousness and high ideals. To what greater cause could we dedicate ourselves than to assuming the leadership in giving the people their own power to emancipate themselves from war?



II — The Ballot Is Too Slow for Defense

by CHARLES I. FADDIS

THE FOUNDERS of our republic were wise in granting to Congress the responsibility for declarations of war. There this tremendously important power should rest.

This is a democracy, with the legislative branch of the government functioning through representatives of the people duly elected to carry out their wishes. The more important the question confronting the country, the more important it becomes for those representatives to deliberate and reach a decision on the basis of the common welfare.

No intelligent citizen — certainly no member of Congress — would impute infallibility to the representatives of the people in the national government. We are human and far from omniscient. But our service is surrounded by the constant necessity of weighing the most important matters confronting our nation and the welfare of the people. On one hand are the domestic problems, on the other those affecting foreign countries and our international rela-

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tions generally. Taking from Congress any of the power to declare war would be like saying: We are willing to trust you to legislate in domestic affairs but we are not willing to leave weighty problems of international concern to your handling!

Such an argument would be on a par with that which offers as reason for shearing from Congress the power to declare foreign war the fact that a bare majority of members, 267 individuals, plus the president's signature, could declare such a war. A majority of Congress usually legislates! It is a majority which passes laws on any subject, in a republican form of government. How else may a democracy function?

Let us examine a little more closely this proposal. Current resolutions in Congress on the subject confine the matter to declarations of foreign war — war fought in foreign waters or on alien soil. Before action could be taken, a nationwide referendum would be required, with the ironclad choice — war or no war. There could be no maneuvers by our military forces looking toward blocking the enemy and averting more serious engagements, no use of the defensive arms of our nation until our shores were invaded.

II

WHAT can be said of such a policy? Certainly and emphatically, it lacks understanding of our whole theory of national defense. No intelligent person can read history and impeach our military forces as tyrannical and habitual pursuers of invasion and conquest. Never have our forces been used except in defense of justice, national and international. But, year by year and decade after decade, our national defense has been built around the sound idea that its most valuable asset in keeping the peace is *freedom to use its initiative in impending emergencies*. That initiative does not extend to declaring war. But it does permit constant readiness to thwart any potential enemy, *before* that enemy has destroyed lives, homes, and property on American soil.

Robbing our defense of that initiative would be like employing a watchman to guard a home but instructing him that before he can plan any move against a marauder (unless the lawbreaker has actually broken down the door) a decision must be taken by the household.

It is good tactics to be able to carry the war straight into enemy territory. The war-referendum proposal presumes that the people would not sanction this policy but would prefer to let the enemy carry any future wars straight into our territory.

No major conflicts the United States has engaged in and few major conflicts in all history have been won except on the ground of the enemy. The British considered the thirteen colonies their territory until our patriots wrested control. We carried the War of 1812 to the decks of their very ships. The Barbary pirates harassed and destroyed our commerce until we went to their seas and stopped their outlawry. The Mexican War, the defeat of the gallant Southern troops in the war between the States, the rebuke to the tyranny of Spain at Manila and Santiago, the turning of the tide on the western front in 1917–18 on soil the German command had taken as its own are all examples. We must strike on foreign soil and waters, or destruction and defeat will be brought to our hearthstones.

There are those of my comrades of the A.E.F., disgusted with war (and who isn't?) who say, "I'll not fight in another war unless the enemy comes to my door." But when they realize that bringing an invader to our doors means untold destruction, misery, and death which can be avoided by a free and vigorous defense, prepared to carry the contest to the enemy, they will say, "Keep the war away from my door!"

In plans for the continuing defense of a nation, there is another factor. Not all the facts concerning military strength, methods, positions, and objectives can be made public. The war-referendum idea provides for a vote of the people when we are faced with war. But there is no possible way by which the people could be fully informed of what had been done and what remained to be done to thwart the designs of the enemy and protect the nation. Such information would play squarely into his hands. Yet that very information ought to be a deciding factor in determining whether to make war.

Again, there is the vital matter of time. Let us admit that modern inventions have made possible quick communications. Let us admit that the machinery for voting could be quickly utilized. Even so, a period of strained

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relations sufficiently threatening to warrant a vote on war would play advantageously into the hands of an enemy. His plans for attack would move steadily forward while we were waiting. The people could be told to vote on war within 48 hours. But they could not be fully informed on the best strategy for defense of the nation — not in 48 months!

They could be informed by the newspapers, by magazine discussions, and by radio, it is said. And, it should be added, by the terrific din of propaganda pro and con. Every scrap of "information" given them, printed or otherwise, would be warped and colored by the editorial opinions and bias of the person issuing it.

Suppose the vote is for war. Not until all results are in can definite plans for striking the enemy in the most effective manner be made.

Suppose the vote is against war. Until the enemy arrives on our shores, no move can be made against him. He may decide not to invade at all but rather to destroy shipping and harry commerce in and out of our ports. A hostile blockade would shut off supplies of rubber, nickel, tin, manganese — at least 23 essential commodities which we do not produce and hundreds of other imports, including fruit and foodstuffs, which we greatly need. What sort of internal situation would develop under such a plan? Peace, indeed!

The plain fact is that wars today are not declared — they are *fought;* and a nation not prepared (or not permitted) to take the offensive will offer a weak defense.

The airplane has greatly heightened the importance of carrying the fighting straight to the enemy — not waiting for his attack. The spectacle of our nation sitting by, holding our ships close to the shores, our army in the barracks, and our aircraft on the ground, springing into action only as raiding parties soar overhead to drop destruction upon us, is not pleasant to contemplate. And no wall of defense around us could be so effective in bringing peace as the expeditious use of strength whenever and wherever it might be needed.

III

CONGRESS but reflects the will of the people in declaring war, "foreign" or otherwise. Yet it is easy to perceive that under a flurry of war hysteria our people might vote for war prematurely. Emotions might be played on by forces that could not influence Congress at all. Such a course would be suicidal.

It is true that war is actually being fought or casts its ominous shadow over much of the world's surface most of the time. In such troubled times as ours, all the emotions, prejudices, racial backgrounds, likes, and dislikes are factors to be reckoned with in keeping the peace. The representatives of the people in Washington at least have this advantage: They are in close, constant, vital touch with international affairs and can weigh calmly and deliberately what courses must be taken to preserve the peace — or to preserve America, by war or peace.

The proponents of the war-referendum idea advance the argument that wars are caused by groups who desire to use the tragedy of war for private profit. "Look at the World War!" they cry. "We joined the Allies to save our foreign investments. Our bankers and profiteers pushed us into it."

The assertion has too often been made that wars are brought about by interests seeking to profit thereby, but no proof has ever been advanced to support it. So far as the United States is concerned, it is untrue. Can trade pull us into war? The trade of a nation benefits all the people of that nation, not merely a privileged group.

Modern wars are begun by nations seeking to upset the economic and political balance on which international stability depends, and those who believe in stability must take steps to preserve that balance. We entered the World War to preserve the balance of power.

The vote of the people on war sounds like a fine ideal, but when war threatens, as Grover Cleveland once remarked, we are confronted by a condition, not a theory. That condition is one of extreme unrest and anxiety, caused principally by the insistence of dictatorial leaders on upsetting the balance of power and imposing their theories of government on others. In the defense of our nation, in the very defense of democracy, we must not tie the hands of our representatives in the national government. We must not render impotent the splendid military and naval forces which uphold our honor, preserve our safety, and enforce our right to peace.

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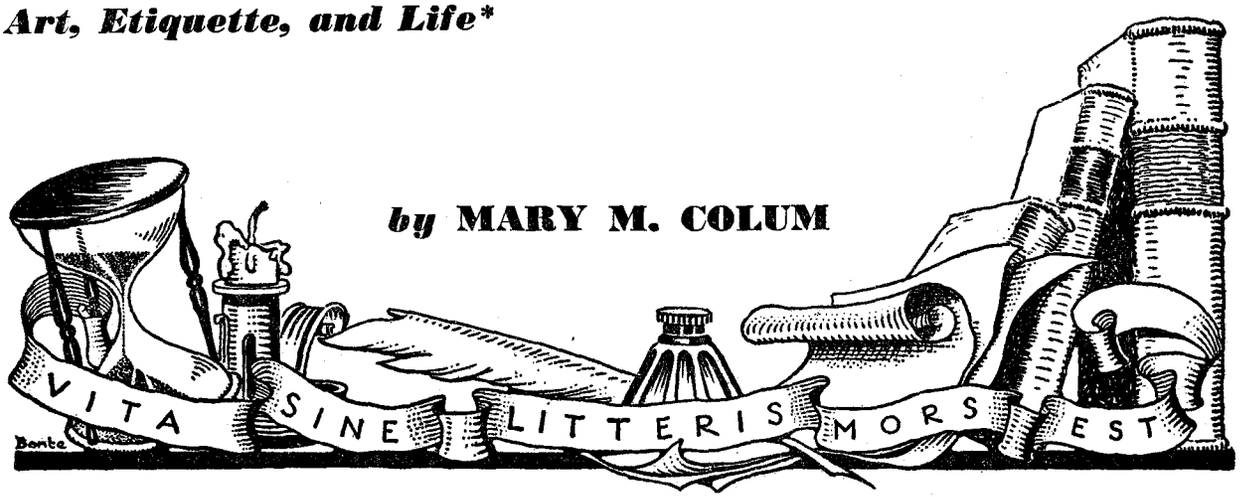
Life and Literature

*Art, Etiquette, and Life**



by **MARY M. COLUM**

WHAT IS living? What constitutes experience of life? This is a question forced on us by three of the books before me — Stephen MacKenna's *Journal and Letters*, *The Goncourt Journals*, and Robert Eckert's biography of the English poet and critic Edward Thomas. Not one of them even offers an answer, and the only conclusion we can come to is that what is a profound experience for one person means nothing at all to another. "When a man has nothing to write about," wrote Stephen MacKenna (the translator of Plotinus, not Stephen McKenna the novelist), "it is that he has not sufficiently lived. . . . We are dead most of the time."

The man who penned this sentence was, according to J. C. Squire, one of the greatest prose writers of our time, but in his own opinion he had never lived sufficiently to find himself in possession of subjects for writing. However, an outline of his life gives one the impression that he had lived more extensively than most writers. He had fought as a volunteer for Greece in the Graeco-Turkish war; he had struggled to make a living in New York; he had, with J. M. Synge, struggled in Paris to make a living as a free lance; as a newspaper correspondent he had been through one of the Russian revolutions; then, accidentally getting the attention of two American newspaper magnates, James Gordon Bennett and Joseph Pulitzer, he became well-to-do as the European representative of a great New York journal. While still young enough, he threw up all this to return to Dublin to work for Irish independence and play a part in the Irish revival.

Dublin was then an intellectual center as Paris was during the period covered by the Goncourts' *Journals*. It was during the last years of the British domination; and, while the country was poorly governed from the material standpoint, intellectually she was free; moreover, there was something there at the time that crystallized ideas and made people interested in them. There are innumerable witnesses to tell us that conversation there for a brief space was the most brilliant one could hear anywhere. It was, it would seem from the records, rather better than the conversation reported in the celebrated *Goncourt Journals*, and one of the best of the conversationalists was Stephen MacKenna, the translator of the *Enneads* of Plotinus.

Like the Goncourts, MacKenna kept a journal, but his differed distinctively from theirs: it was entirely concerned with thinking, whereas theirs was concerned with external observation and gossip. The Goncourts, Edmond and Jules, had an immense power of observation with little power of making themselves part of what they observed. MacKenna had almost no sense of observation and, in spite of his activism, very little relation to the external world. Yet his seems far more the

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The recent books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* The Journal and Letters of Stephen MacKenna, *edited by E. R. Dodds (Morrow, $4.00);* The Goncourt Journals, *translated & edited by Lewis Galantière (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50);* Edward Thomas, *by Robert P. Eckert (Dutton, $2.50);* The Psychic World, *by Hereward Carrington (Putnam, $2.75);* Etiquette, *by Emily Post (Funk & Wagnalls, $4.00);* The Arts, *by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Simon & Schuster, $3.95).*

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journal of a genuine writer than does the Goncourts', for he thought only of what he had to reveal, whereas what the Goncourts were concerned with was their immediate reputation. At the same time they thirsted for immortality. If they could not achieve immortality, they wanted at least importance in literary history, and in case they should miss out with their novels they made certain of future renown by leaving money to found an academy, the Académie Goncourt, which as long as it lasts will hand on their names. The Academy every year gives a prize to the author of a prose work, a prize which used to be valued at about $2,000. Many writers were grateful for this and were willing to forward the immortalizing of the Goncourts. As a matter of fact, men have thought of many more futile ways of making their name a household word. The Goncourts wrote:

> At bottom, what plagues us is an insatiable and rankling literary ambition, the galling bitterness of the specific literary vanity.

The Impelling Force

One ought to remark right away that the "specific literary vanity" is an entirely different thing from literary genius or literary ability. Hendrik Van Loon, in another volume before us, *The Arts*, declares:

> Should you really have been touched by the divine fire . . . then the urge to create will be so strong that nothing between heaven and hell can stop you . . . in that case, the cold attic and the stale spaghetti are of no consequence. You will take them in your stride.

But the sad thing is that, if you have but little ability and inordinate ambition, you will do exactly the same things to achieve publicity or immortality, or maybe even more of them, than if you are a great creator. The real difference is not in your desires but in the way you work. For, to take a wise remark out of an otherwise stupid book (Hereward Carrington's *The Psychic World*), "Genius makes a man work, talent does not. Talent is the result of work while genius is the cause of it."

Genius will make a man work as it made Edgar Allan Poe work, as it made Shakespeare work, as it made Cervantes work in prison, as it made Rembrandt and Michelangelo work whether they got a living out of it or not. Genius, in fact, may be defined as a psychic force that makes a man work in spite of himself. When writers at a recent congress in New York stated that the interests of a writer were the same as the interests of his readers, they were talking pure nonsense as far as high literature is concerned, for high literature has no interest except the production of the work. And this is the difference between a writer like Stephen MacKenna — or any other artist whom a critic might pronounce one of the greatest prose writers of his time — and writers like the Goncourts. MacKenna cared only about the work itself — in his case, the translation of the *Enneads* of Plotinus. And this is, maybe, all that the slogan *art for art's sake* means — it is what any craftsman can understand, work for the work's sake alone.

And who, some of my readers may ask, was Plotinus? And why was a translation of him so important? Plotinus was a philosopher, born in Egypt of Roman parents in the third century of the Christian era, and he wrote in Greek. He held that men belonged to two worlds, that of the senses and that of pure intelligence or spirit, and that it was for us to choose which of the two we wanted to belong to. Plotinus cared nothing for the material life, and his influence on those he lectured to was similar to that of Christ's: they gave up their fortunes, freed their slaves, and devoted themselves to the spiritual life. Stephen MacKenna, his translator, practically did likewise.

Specialists in Observation

Who, some of my readers may ask, were the Goncourts? Well, they were French writers of the middle nineteenth century, whose ideas, if not their aspirations, were totally opposite to those of Plotinus. There is hardly a modern American novelist who does not owe something to them. The Goncourts devoted themselves entirely to writing about the external life, to such life as they could observe. They claimed to have invented naturalism and the note-taking method in fiction — which they certainly did not, though they did inaugurate what is now called the proletarian novel. They got themselves identified with the interest in the eighteenth century in Oriental, especially in Japanese, art. They had deliberate theories about their writing, and this somehow gave people the impression that they had less talent than was really theirs. They had, as a

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matter of fact, a great deal of talent, a great deal of initiative, and they originated a great many ideas that are still flourishing in our time.

Starting to write in the heyday of the realistic novel and soon after the publication of *Madame Bovary*, the Goncourts made up their minds that they were realistic novelists. Growing to young manhood in the dawn of the modern scientific age, they believed passionately in the fact, the document, and the value of observation. They had very little real, first-rate experience of life but they were, in truth, marvelous observers: anything they once thought worth looking at they could describe memorably. However, they were so persistent about the value of observation that they actually made a gift of observation seem unique and marvelous in a novelist, though it is really a quality common to all the village gossips.

Their ears, on the other hand, were poor, and much that they note in their *Journals* we suspect they did not hear correctly. We doubt very seriously if they heard aright anything that Flaubert or Sainte-Beuve said. Of course it may be possible that the Goncourts twisted what they heard, for, though they were (as they were fond of describing themselves) gentlemen, their cantankerousness, their jealousy, their bad nerves frequently dominated their other qualities. They were highly intelligent, deliberately and intently observant and they must have known in their hearts that Flaubert with his *Madame Bovary* would have the renown that they with their *Germinie Lacerteux* could never achieve. They must likewise have been aware that Sainte-Beuve with all his attempts at kindness and Taine with all his politeness were not really deluded by the Goncourts' very intelligent books, so they expended most of their malice on Sainte-Beuve and whatever was left over on Taine.

These originators of the proletarian novel looked down on all their friends or, rather, on all their set; they made a concern with the proletariat a fashionable and snobbish occupation for well-to-do young men ever since. They mocked at people who had them to dinner, but were overpoweringly impressed by everything that brought them recognition — a favorable review in the *Journal des Débats;* the homage of young M. Zola, whom they described as their disciple; their importance at the Magny dinners. They were also impressed by their invitations from Princess Mathilde, Napoleon's niece, one of the few people they wholeheartedly admired: they were impressed by the imperial crest on her china and by the lackey behind each chair, and they have managed to present her as a truly *grande dame*, direct-spoken and aristocratic, warmhearted, large-minded, and free-spirited. She could hardly tolerate women around her for she thought they lowered the level of the conversation, and conversation was her passion. She was willing, however, she announced, to invite to her house any woman who could add to the conversation — even, she said broad-mindedly, Madame Rachel or George Sand, for these were artists — but it seemed incredible to her that her friends should want to go to the parties of the fashionable courtesans whom she thought to be merely stupid sluts, for she could never comprehend that a few of them were bluestockings like Aspasia, like herself.

The Goncourt Journals is a very interesting book because it deals with a great age and with great men — Flaubert, Taine, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Renan — men whose ideas have helped to form our own time. To understand our own time it is necessary to know what these ideas were. But almost everybody who reads *The Goncourt Journals* will realize, in Stephen MacKenna's phrase, that the authors had not sufficiently lived. They were experts in observation, as many contemporary writers are, but outside themselves they really cared for nobody; they adored each other to the exclusion of all other affections. The younger brother died tragically from a mental malady, and we are inclined to believe that this was, like many mental maladies, caused by poverty of living. The despairing emotions of the elder as he watches the younger disintegrate, losing not only his mind but his affections, make really the most memorable pages of the *Journals*, because here they have a tense reality that the pages of gossip lack.

What Makes Life Worth Living?

The poverty of living that Stephen MacKenna considered to be the cause of sterility in writing was certainly what ailed that essayist and poet Edward Thomas, who was killed in the war and whose biography, by Robert P. Eckert, is now published. It all comes down to what in the world is experience

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of life, and this appears to be different for everybody. If a man has enough experience to write and some genius behind him, he can endure anything. Edgar Allan Poe did a thousand times more than Edward Thomas did, but his biographers have mostly asked us to despise him, whereas this sentimental biography of Thomas asks us to commiserate with him because he could not sell in sufficient quantity to make a living wage.

What is the problem posed by such a book as this biography? Here we have a man, high-minded, versed in literature, who marries and becomes the father of a child before he is out of his university; he starts to make a living by writing before he has filled himself with experiences that it is essential for an artist to have. Thomas set up shop with only a modicum of goods; a sense of bankruptcy, spiritual as well as material, was over him from the start. He passed from his mother to his wife without having any in-between life. Even though we owe to him the first real recognition of Robert Frost, I doubt very much if we should be asked to be sorry for him. The artist life is not for the merely sensitive and high-minded; it demands toughness of a caliber to take all disappointments, to live without material compensation, and still not to have the sense of defeat.

This book about Edward Thomas is doleful reading, but so we must admit is *The Goncourt Journals* and even Stephen MacKenna's *Journal and Letters*, though MacKenna is the best man of the four. The world was not a good place to any of them, and it would be hard to tell why. Perhaps it was because their nervous health was not good and neuroticism and melancholy troubled them. One cannot help wondering if the life of the plain man engaged in selling bonds or insurance might not be humanly more worth living.

Yet, if one picks up a book like Hereward Carrington's *The Psychic World*, one will find a work by the plain man concerned with something outside the boundaries of the plain man's interests, and it turns out to be on a level that makes one impatient. This author is really a materialist who thinks that the slightest happening that cannot be explained by the most pedestrian reason has to be recorded in pages of print as something psychic.

Until he went in for psychic investigations, Hereward Carrington seems never to have been aware that there was any spiritual life at all. "To us Westerners," he declares, "this material world is everything, this life is all." Now isn't it pathetic that a man who can write like this should be regarded as a suitable person for investigation into the life beyond? Need we wonder any more that the revelations of mediums approved by such a man seem to us beneath the intelligence of a child?

There are peculiar forms of psychic manifestations that are believed in by commonplace materialists — manifestations such as no intellectual and spiritual-minded man could take any interest in — and the reader will find nearly all of them in this book. If there are any important psychic phenomena that can be proved, why do not finely equipped scientists tell us about them? And why are we presented with books by childish materialists and rationalists on the subject?

On practically the same level of childish materialism is Emily Post's *Etiquette*, a new edition of which has recently been published. Nobody can say that it represents any sort of culture very different from the taboos of savage tribes; it is, in essence, a book of taboos without any serious basis in culture or art or good manners.

As an example of disastrous behavior, Mrs. Post gives an account of a dinner given by a young bride who employed three maids — Nora, Sigrid, and Marie — with an assistant, Delia. The hostess, who knew nothing about cooking, very sensibly left the food to Nora, the table laying, the silver cleaning, and the waiting to the others. The first disaster occurred when the waitress, instead of saying, "Dinner is served," announced, "Dinner is all ready." The next disaster was when the drawing-room fire smoked; the third was the food; the fourth was the waiting on table.

The real significance of the whole episode, ignored by the distinguished mentor of etiquette, was that the hostess had nothing to give people except food and was therefore an uncultivated person, deficient in personality. She asked people to her house not because she wanted to see them but because she wanted to give a dinner party and was therefore uncivilized. Thirdly, she wanted to give a dinner with all the gadgets of a fashionable hostess and therefore was a moron. She had nothing to entertain people with and so she thought to im-

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press them. The moral is that the young bride ought to have acquired some personality and some capacity for making people interested; one wonders how this could have been done. The young person who gave this sad dinner party should have thought first of making her group alive, of giving people a living quality such as might come from her interest in them or her affection for them. In that case they would have all, very likely, been contented and wanted to come again, in spite of the fact that the food was not first-rate or that the chimney smoked.

Perhaps we have to come back to the sentence of Stephen MacKenna's about not having sufficiently lived. What is the matter with books of etiquette is that they are based too much on experience of conventions and not enough on experience of real living, and this means living mentally and emotionally as well as socially.

While willing to admit that instruction in taboos has always preceded instruction in the arts, I do not hesitate to recommend to anybody Hendrik Van Loon's *The Arts* rather than Emily Post's *Etiquette*. If you know enough about the arts you will have a knowledge of form and a knowledge of humanity which will help you, more than any book of etiquette, to make other people happy. Hendrik Van Loon is that very excellent figure, a good schoolmaster; he wants to teach his readers something and he wants to do it good-humoredly and with flavor. He does not touch, in this account of the arts, on the art of literature; he has limited the subject to painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, and when a reader has got through this bulky book he will certainly have some knowledge of and some feeling for these arts.

The Arts is not for the too sophisticated; it is written for the young and for those who have not had the leisure or opportunity or training that would permit them to get acquainted with much of the treasure house that is the world's art. For others Van Loon may seem overinforming and long-winded and too conscious of his role as instructor.

The book develops out of the sound fundamental thesis that, if the average intelligent person is exposed to one or the other of the arts, he will like it and that, if he likes and works at it, it will make him a richer and more lovable human being. Van Loon's respect for the great creations, his enthusiasms for the little creations — like Arab rugs and Japanese prints and Persian tiles and German lieder — fill the reader with a conviction that, if he cannot understand a Cézanne, he is not doing too badly if he can appreciate the blueness of a Persian tile. This is a proper conviction to leave in a reader's mind.

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The Artist, Marco

His was a nervous, passionate wild nature
Of sheer celestial light and hidden shade;
He was an arrogant creature,
Bitter and brave, — unconquerably afraid.
Hearing him speak, watching his quick, taut moving,
None would concede his shyness, — his one grace. . . .
He was so gay, so loving,
Nobody saw the lean look of his face.
"Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth," he said.
Claiming his rights, shouting till someone heard,
He was vindictive, wished his enemies dead;
Freely forgave them, speaking the first soft word.
Mean with his bed-mates, prodigal with his friends,
Generous, spendthrift, stingy, loudly rude,
He said: "A man keeps only what he spends." . . .
"Gold is a vein in ore superbly crude."
Insolent paradox? Aye, that and more
He was, whose each incongruous patchwork part,
Chameleon like and changeful at the core,
Comprised the whole, the iridescent heart.

Gilbert Maxwell

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Man's Unique Discontent

by **JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY**

When a squirrel gathers nuts against winter, he is not known to philosophize about them. He does not range them from light to heavy, pondering the reasons for the variation in weight. He does not divide them into rough and smooth, despising the ugliness of the one and delighting in the beauty of the other. He does not classify them as small and large, judging the small ones bad and the large ones good. He does not regard them as proof of his superiority over creatures who do not gather nuts. He merely eats them when the need arises.

When man gathers facts against the cold indifference of nature, he is not content with their concrete value alone. He searches them for their abstract significance. He judges them for their aesthetic and moral worth. Generally he uses them and frequently he abuses them in the interest of his self-conceit. For man is the only animal who is proud of himself and contemptuous of his kin. He has no quarrel with evolution so long as it is presumed to have been a struggle toward perfection which ended with his arrival.

Man's policy of interpreting the facts of biology so that he invariably comes out on top is not always innocently academic. The same technique whereby man belittles the animals is used by men to belittle one another. When the Smiths use it against the Browns, only the Browns need greatly care. But, when a Hitler uses it against the world, it is the world's concern.

Granting the validity of the technique, the conclusions may be reasonable enough. If it is true that nature had experimented for a billion years to achieve perfection in the person of man, it follows quite logically that she probably would not have stopped with the creation of the first crude human species. Geological history, indeed, reveals that she did not stop. The earliest men of Java and China were scarcely more human than apes. The earliest Piltdown Englishmen and Heidelberg Germans were but slightly more human than their Oriental confreres. The later Neanderthalers were indubitably men, but they were also indubitably louts. Not until modern men appeared some 25,000 years ago was manhood — in the opinion of modern men — achieved.

Since then nature has not evolved any additional species of men. All of the 17,000,000,000 human beings alive today are sufficiently similar to be classed in a single species. Yet it is not likely that nature would consider the entire species an embodiment of her dream of perfection. It is more likely that she would continue to work toward that noble end by selecting and cementing the superior individuals within it. Despite their similarities, living men are divided by differences in culture, language, and physique. Is it not reasonable to assume that these differences represent an evolutionary sequence? Is it not reasonable to assume that the sequence culminates in the white men who dominate the modern world and especially in that nation of white men that possesses the strongest army? Many white men and their dictators would quickly say yes.

Most honest anthropologists, however, say no. Simple and sublime though it is, they are not captivated by the conceit that nature has consciously struggled to elevate mankind. Though many of them are white men, they do not see a clear case for the biological superiority of white men. They do not surely know what constitutes racial superiority. They do not even agree on what constitutes a race.

There is no evidence that evolution has gathered modern men into groups which are genetically or even culturally distinct. Lines of color are the popularly accepted boundaries of race, yet both sex and civilization are continually breaking through them. There is no evidence that evolution has ever blocked out a species on the basis of color. There is no evidence that

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it is blocking out subspecies of men on that basis.

White men, for example, are anatomically no further from apes than black men are. His high nose and small face make the white man the most human of men; his lips and hairiness make him the most apelike. The flat nose and large face of the Negro suggest the ape, but no ape has the Negro's full red lips and kinky hair. The anatomy of all men, regardless of color, is a blend of simian and human traits.

The brain of a white woman is apt to be slightly smaller than the brain of her similarly pigmented husband but slightly larger than the brain of her negro maid. It does not follow, however, that the mental excellence of the three must hold to similar proportions. Davenport and Steggerda concluded from their study of Jamaican blacks and whites that the blacks were superior in musical ability and the whites in matters of judgment. But obviously there is no way to determine which of these *aptitudes* is superior, because there is no unprejudiced basis whereon the two may be compared. Similarly impossible of proof is the traditional assumption of the male that he is more intelligent than his wife. Though her brain may be somewhat smaller and her faculties different, she is not necessarily inferior. Men themselves have been known to concede that the brains of other men's wives are superior to those of their husbands.

If size of brain alone were an acute measure of mentality, elephants would be twice as intelligent as men. If size of brain in proportion to weight of body were an accurate measure of mentality, hummingbirds would be more intelligent than men, Eskimos would be more intelligent than whites, and Neolithic man would have been the most intelligent human that ever lived.

Within the relatively short range of variability in the brains of normal living men, there is no demonstrable correlation of size and function. Many criminals, for example, have larger brains than the general average; many geniuses have smaller. To grade the brains of men as one grades eggs is to assume that the human brain is as simple as an egg. Possibly the brain that assumes so is.

The structure of the brain is a somewhat better index of mentality than its size. The brain of an elephant is much larger but also much less developed than the brain of a man, which possibly accounts for the different mentalities of elephants and men. Among men, however, the structural differences in the brain, though many, are very slight. They cannot yet be surely correlated with differences in mental ability. In short, the intelligence of a normal individual cannot be definitely gauged either by the size or the structure of his brain. It is therefore absurd to judge the intellectual status of a race, with its multitude of individuals, on that basis.

Though the white man's brain is not demonstrably better than the brains of other men, it is demonstrably producing more spectacular results. White men mine more minerals, manufacture more machinery, build more cities, sail more ships, run more governments, enjoy a greater variety of pleasures, and think a greater variety of thoughts than all the rest of humanity combined. No one may deny their cultural ascendancy today. Yet history attests that, long before Nordic self-love and attainment had risen out of barbarism, red men were once comparably ascendant in Peru, and yellow men in China.

It is impossible to prove that biological superiority is the foundation on which such civilizations have been erected. Both the physical and the cultural peculiarities of men have mingled endlessly in the surge of warring and migrating peoples. An infinity of forces both social and biological has kept humanity in constant flux. Men gather in groups like kelp beds in the sea and then separate and reassemble in differently constituted groups. The tide that favors one group today will favor another tomorrow.

No bonds have ever been able to keep any particular assemblage of human qualities indefinitely intact. To define a race in terms of such fortuitous and fluid values as language, culture, or nationality is absurd. To define it in terms of color is even more absurd. Skin pigment is a waste product of metabolism, and racial distinctions based on it are a waste product of the mind. The amount of pigment in the skin of a man is no more significant than the amount of hair on his pate.

Neither the culture nor the physique of any race, howsoever defined, nor of any subdivision of any race, is pure. Isolation and inbreeding develop such extreme types as the Eskimo and the

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jungle Negro, but even these do not stand wholly apart from the rest of mankind. Their traits, like the traits of other peoples, were drawn very largely from a common humanity. Racial purity is biologically nonexistent and impossible, though the hokum and hate which sustain a belief in it are pure enough.

II

MUST WE conclude from this that man has been charged to flux forever but never to evolve? Must we conclude that he is exempt from the laws that govern other creatures? All other species have ultimately come to rest — either in some uniform and relatively stable adjustment for life or in death. Man has come to rest in neither. He is at once the most rapidly increasing species on earth and the one most variously and variably adjusted to the life he leads.

It is a truism of biology that man became man when the nervous system of his ancestral stock had reached a certain stage of growth and refinement. From the purely biological point of view the human nervous system is only a bigger and better model of an old machine. Like every other part of the human body, it is the product of eons of experimentation. No animal could ever have existed without some means of co-ordination with the world it sought to exploit. No animal could ever have existed without some means of distinguishing what was good for it from what was not, some capacity for embracing the one and rejecting the other. Out of the acorn of these traits in the simpler animals grew the oak of the brain in the more complex.

Before the invention of nerves, the unembellished flesh must have reacted directly to the environment. An amoeba bumping its unicellular way through a watery world, withdrawing from danger and advancing toward safety, discriminating between genuine foods and deceptive frauds, is a brainless little blob of living jelly. Yet in it are the rudiments of abilities that grace its nobler contemporaries, just as presumably the germs of special organs for preserving and enhancing these abilities were in its counterparts of a bygone day.

At first these organs were probably simple muscle tissues, stimulated like those of a living sponge without the help of nerves. Later, perhaps as in a living coral, a surface network of nerve fibers transmitted sensations from the outside to the inside of the body. When eventually creatures were born with a head to explore and a tail to follow, the nerves were bunched at the investigative end. The pre-Cambrian worm with a knot of nerves to the fore and strings of nervous tissue trailing aft was a pattern for all the more elaborate animals of the future. Half a billion years of refinement lie between that worm and man, yet the two are but different models of the same machine.

These facts establish beyond reasonable doubt the slow and logical development of the brain from a simple to a complex organ. Yet the striking differences between the behavior of man and that of even his closest relatives are not merely differences of degree. There must have been a time in the gradual evolution of the brain when wholly new functions suddenly and illogically appeared.

Many species before man developed qualities that made them unique. But, wherever there is even a fragmentary record of their ancestry, the functions as well as the organs of each would seem to have evolved consistently down the avenues of their specialization. The same is true of the contemporaries of man. It is reasonable that a deer should browse on vegetation, that a wolf should browse on the deer, and that a tapeworm should browse on the wolf. It is inconceivable that a frog should fly like a swallow or that an elephant should hop like a frog. The individual behavior of each one of these is invariably consistent with its racial history and physique.

The functioning of most organs in the human body is comparably consistent. It is a foregone conclusion that the healthy intestine will digest its food and not itself. It is a foregone conclusion that the heart will pump blood and the lungs air even when their owners are asleep. The behavior of such organs is as automatic and limited as the behavior of a moth or a mouse.

How, on the other hand, may one know what is normal in the behavior of the human mind? There are no precedents for its most important functions, no automatic controls. Suddenly (as time is measured by the clock of geology) strange qualities popped into the head of a certain simian species. They are consistent with nothing else in nature, not even, alas, with themselves. They have led man away

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from the stable and stereotyped adjustments of other creatures into a shifty and multiform confusion.

To analyze a typically human adaptation is to see how man is different from other creatures. Take, for example, the adaptation to fire. Countless creatures before man must have seen lightning kindle a tree, but they reacted chiefly with their feet. Only man reacted to the spectacle of fire with his hands. Like the wool of the woolly rhinoceros, the adaptation to fire seems to have originated as a response to the Pleistocene cold of Asia. But the one response was through the skin, and the other through ingenuity. The one began in the germ plasm of a few individuals, and the other in the brain. The one was extended to the species by blood, and the other by education. The one, in short, was a physical, and the other a mental adaptation.

Human adaptations in general are predominantly mental, though they assume a host of physical forms. As such they are different from the predominantly physical adaptations of other creatures. In one regard alone are the two essentially the same. Both are rooted in a capacity for variation. The discoveries and inventions that take shape in the brain cells and the gene combinations that take shape in the germ cells are but different manifestations of the same creative power. Both originate in ways that are dark. Both resist the attempt of science to control them at their source. It is not in their origin but in their survival that the mental variations differ profoundly from the physical.

There is no evidence that horses were ever concerned about the proper control of equine behavior, yet equine behavior has always been properly controlled. Physical variation happened to give the ancestors of horses a crude equipment for grazing and running, which happened to be admirably suited to the grassy uplands where most of them lived. Under such circumstances any horse that attempted to fly and eat insects would have been a mistake. Nature did not coddle mistakes in the form of horses. She killed them. She weeded out all variations that strayed into futility. Ruthless with individuals but kind to the race, she thinned out the horses for a narrow but effective life.

She has been less strict with men and less solicitous for mankind. Nonphysical variations rise like weeds in the social evolution of humanity, a motley horde of discoveries, inventions, religions, governments, economics, and moral codes. Like physical variations, they struggle to survive, and many of them fall in the struggle. But they do not fall through failure to meet an inexorable standard of survival. It is not predetermined that any of them shall either stand or fall or that having once stood or fallen they shall so remain. It is not predetermined that any of them shall decisively make or break the species.

The adaptation of slavery, for example, tacks with the veering winds of history. It is neither permanently established in human society nor permanently debarred. Most human adaptations are like that. They come and go with the moods of the human spirit. They are not selected by natural laws for the lasting welfare of the species but by whims for the temporary advantage of part of it. Because there is no precedent in nature for these whims, no automatic device in man to control each of them for the good of the species as a whole, they have kept the species biologically and socially in chronic flux and confusion.

III

When Walt Whitman thought he could live with the animals because they do not sweat and whine about their condition he was being peculiarly human. He was displaying his capacity for discontent, a talent unique in man. By being discontented with being discontented he was displaying the talent in its loftiest form.

Discontent is the one attribute of man that makes his inconsistent whims consistent, that underlies his peculiar restlessness, that best explains the peculiar confusion of his evolution. Paradoxically, it is also the one quality that best explains the progressive elements of that evolution. It is the one quality that might possibly organize the other qualities for further progress. It has already taken man out of the trees and it may yet take him out of confusion.

For possibly a billion years innumerable species had lived and died without knowing the fermentations of this strange emotion. Not one had been dissatisfied, not one respectable or unhappy over the whole earth. For possibly a billion years their societies were never dis-

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turbed by unrest, because the dictatorship of nature was supreme.

The biologist speaks of the endless variety of creatures today, the paleontologist of their endless variation in the past. But they seldom speak of an inner drive as the likely cause of any of these differences and changes. Geologists widely assume that man became man very largely through the stimulation of the Pleistocene glacial climate. Yet many other creatures which were similarly stimulated ultimately came to rest in well-adjusted species. Man alone continued to be stimulated after the climatic stimulus was removed.

No external pressure can wholly explain why the ancestors of man came down from the trees and why the ancestors of gibbons did not. No external pressure can wholly explain why the groundling descendants of these did not stay in the forests with their groundling cousins, the gorillas. No external pressure can wholly explain why the later evolution of human culture did not stop at the Piltdown, the Heidelberg, or the Neanderthal stages. No external pressure can wholly explain why the one species of man which has existed for 25,000 years or more is still unadjusted and in flux after all these years. Only some inner ferment of unprecedented potency can explain such unprecedented behavior.

When a biologist names a species, he seeks the word which seems best to characterize the species. *Sapiens*, "wise," was selected for the species that includes all modern men. It is a noble word and it was doubtless applied in a noble spirit. By suggesting the ultimate in human knowledge, discernment, and judgment, it describes the nature of man at its best. But it does not even suggest it at its most typical. Nothing so elegant and static as wisdom could have driven the ancestors of modern men from the trees and later from the caves. Nothing so elegant and static could beget the perversities and dilemmas of humanity today. Some cruder and lustier quality must be responsible for that.

We have called this quality discontent. Under a more technical term it would still be the reverse of complacent acceptance of things as they just happen to be. Through it humanity — alone in the living world — has grown chronically addicted to revolt.

Revolutions of one sort or another have ruffled the history of man from the beginning. Most of them were local readjustments in society and as such were only breezes on the margin of the storm. For the history of man as a species has been a revolution. It has been a revolution against a violent and indifferent world, against the colossal waste and cruelty of living and dying by the dictates of such a world. In so far as the hectic affairs of men have possessed any special significance in the past, they have been phases of this revolution. It is the one revolution that makes all others seem trifling and vain.

It is in the nature of revolutions that they degenerate into brawls, and the revolution of man against nature is no exception. At no time perhaps in the history of civilization have men been more restless than they are today. Discontent festers in every corner of the civilized world. Unfortunately for the species, it festers round the uncertain interests of men in opposing political and economic groups. It brings as a result no end of conflict and change to society but it does not bring even the beginning of a satisfactory internal adjustment. It is not part of the revolt against nature. Despite the gore and the rhetoric with which it is clothed, it is only another surrender.

Many men would brand as fantastic the hope that nature in the form of human nature might ever be altered. But it is not fantastic to hope that it may someday be better directed. For a million years the gifted few in each generation have revolted against the tyrannies of the physical world. They have tricked the wind into the sails of their ships, the lightning into their lamps. They have wrested homes from the forest, food from the ground, power from the water, and support from the air. Through imitation and education the less gifted many have inherited the fruits of these victories. Despite many a blunder in handling his affairs with the outer world, man has become the safest and most comfortable species on earth.

He has become, on the other hand, the least safe and comfortable species on earth with regard to the inner world of his own society. For the gifted few have rather generally neglected the perplexing problems of that world. They have rather generally referred them to the practical psychologists, whose passion has been to exploit and not to solve them. If human society is ever to evolve toward some satisfactory internal adjustment, it will do so because

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the gifted few shall revolt against the futility of living without such an adjustment. It will do so because they shall use against the indifferent cruelties of human society the same weapons and ardor they have used against the indifferent violence of the physical world.

A few of the gifted few have already begun this phase of the revolution. Judging by the newspapers they have only just begun. But they are not discouraged by the absence of easy answers for difficult problems. They are not distressed by the fact that most men are counter-revolutionists. They know that most men have always been opposed or indifferent to the striving for good that is not strictly local, immediate, and obvious. They know that such good has nonetheless been occasionally achieved.

So they proceed with their lonely revolution. There is no way of estimating its chances of success. It is not only a young adventure but an adventure without precedent in a billion years.

In an early issue:
"An Anthropologist Criticizes Medicine,"
by Earnest A. Hooton

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Education for Living

by **PHILIP N. YOUTZ**

Drawing by Clifton Line

THE FUNCTION of American college and university education is to teach students how to live. Education is basically an anthropological problem. The purpose of the school is to develop the whole man and to prepare him to live efficiently and happily in the most intricate and rapidly changing culture this planet has produced.

Were we not primitive still, we should start long before school and college to breed students with the same care which we now devote to the breeding of plants and animals. The family institution, which we share with the higher animals, would be studied and either modified or supplanted to give our well-bred student the best possible environment during his early and most impressionable years. Primary and secondary schools would be scrapped, and new and more refined educational instruments would be devised to serve the purpose of training the sensitive and growing student during the creative unfolding of his powers. The college and university would be discarded, and in their places we should provide a new instrumentality especially designed to teach the student all that is known about the art of living.

In face of the ignorance, prejudice, and superstition which characterize our culture, such an intelligent approach to the educational problem is impossible. The best we can do is to focus attention on one step in the educational system and ask ourselves candidly whether it is not indeed the worst of possible instruments for the purpose intended and whether we are not justified in cautiously experimenting with a view to producing a new college and university capable of dealing with our present grade of students.

The most obvious difficulties with colleges today are easy to point out, though extremely hard to remedy.

First, the students are poorly bred, carelessly nurtured, and badly prepared. There seems very little that can be done about this situation as long as parenthood is the privilege of the unfit as well as the fit and as long as primary and secondary schools remain more political than educational institutions.

Second, the college today is a marriage of convenience between the medieval literary type of university and the modern scientific school. As might be expected from such an unnatural union there has arisen much dissent. The moderns have won to the extent of abandoning Greek and Latin, but the medieval partner has shown remarkable vitality, insisting that education remain largely an affair of words and books. Last, colleges and universities are generally run for faculties, not for students. They are designed to provide a pleasant academic retreat for professors who are deeply interested in their chosen subjects but who care very little about the job of education. The student is the forgotten man at most universities.

The graduate of twenty years' standing looks back at his futile struggles to apply a

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college education to the business of living with complete disillusionment. If he worked his way through school in part or in whole, he knows well that the four years of college and the four years of graduate work which followed were not worth the effort. He was the victim of America's best organized and most respected racket operating entirely within the law. His advice to the younger man who is just reaching the college age is (a) do not go to college at all or (b) accept the present college as a pleasant club where an intelligent man may enjoy four years of comparative leisure or (c) join with a group of other students and persuade some college president to try out the following curriculum.

II

THE NEW CURRICULUM will have the revolutionary aim of preparing students for twentieth-century living. Its most radical feature will be that it starts with the student.

What is a student? He is a physically mature and mentally adolescent animal who must compete in a civilization which moves a hundred times more rapidly than the one which his grandparents knew. As a healthy animal, he has sex as a dominant interest. Physiologically, he is ready for a mate. For social and economic reasons this mating must be postponed for a period of years. Muscularly, he is ready for the chase and for the warfare in which his not very remote ancestors delighted, though he lives in a culture which provides food without hunting and which regards warfare as a breakdown of civilization. He is very imaginative; he is subject to day-dreaming; he is emotionally unstable; intellectually, he is extremely naïve. Most of his attitudes are derived from his family and a narrow circle of friends. He is curious but not informed. He is personal in his judgments. He is earnest and trustful and eager to learn the mysteries of this modern world. Finally, he is away from home for the first time and knows nothing about taking care of himself or of planning his own life.

This young animal is an organism, and each part of his nature affects every other part. Ask him to write a paper on Shakespeare's use of the sonnet, and he is in such an emotional state over having succeeded or failed to make a fraternity that he writes gibberish. Demonstrate a mathematical solution to him, and he loses the thread of the reasoning because his fancy has wandered to the contemplation of some glamourous individual of the opposite sex. Lecture to him on Plato, and he falls asleep, in spite of having drunk three cups of strong coffee, because physically he is at the height of his powers and enjoys football so keenly that he plays until he is dead tired. You can't concentrate on training one part of him without having to reckon with the whole man. This fact is so fundamental that only college and university professors could have overlooked it.

Whether or not there is much organization or relation in the varied fields of human endeavor, each of us has to achieve a certain unity of experience in his own education. The mind is incessantly at work trying to integrate all the fragments of knowledge into one connected fabric. Subjects are separated, and courses of study are marked off chiefly for convenience. Because of the vast accumulation of knowledge, it is necessary to departmentalize to an ever increasing extent. But students, especially in college, need less division and more unification of education. They need to have the vast panorama of human achievement with all its interrelation imprinted on their minds before they are bewildered by the job of exploring in detail minute parts of the wide terrain. Generations of college students have tried to assimilate five or six unrelated courses a semester without success. The task of organizing and unifying knowledge must be undertaken by the college, for it cannot successfully be achieved by an immature student.

Closely connected with this requirement is the need of bringing all teaching into relation with the student's own experience. Colleges are not offering subjects for their own sake but for the student's sake. It is just as simple to teach a course such as mathematics with dramatic examples from banking, insurance, and engineering as to teach it as an abstract and unrelated subject. Sound education should take the student's own limited experience as a base line and help him to triangulate from that to the most distant stars.

We may summarize by saying that the new curriculum must be developed as a unity for a young human animal who is himself an organic individual, not a collection of parts. To serve the whole man we must have a curriculum that

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is in itself well knit and well balanced — one which contains panoramic courses presenting the whole picture of culture. If we now discuss certain parts of this curriculum we must be on our guard to avoid thinking of these parts except as incomplete fragments of the whole structure.

III

ANY SOUND education must begin by training the student physically. What kind of physical life is he going to live? One man in several thousand becomes a professional athlete or a director of physical training. A fair proportion becomes farmers or sportsmen, who need a well-developed physique. The great majority of college men and women, however, faces sedentary life in which large lung capacity and heavy muscles are a liability rather than an asset.

How can our youths be prepared to endure a sedentary life with its inevitable dangers of stooped shoulders and sagging abdomen? The answer is simple. They must be trained in habits of light exercise of a type which will tone up the entire body. If they are to persist in this exercise it must be enjoyable. If it is linked with games and sports it will have sufficient appeal to the individual to provide the motivation for lifelong practice.

Let us begin by requiring each student to learn to walk, run, dance, and swim correctly. Walking and running will teach proper carriage and breathing. Dancing is an acceptable form of physical exercise in college because it encourages natural attitudes toward the other sex and because it provides a wholesome outlet for the sex desires which are so imperious at college age. Socially, dancing is a great asset and gives the student poise and grace. More than any other training it teaches him to be at ease with his fellows. As for swimming, few of us will have the opportunity to make gallant rescues or save ourselves from a watery grave, but swimming is one of the most enjoyable and generally beneficial of exercises. These four physical arts can be appreciated keenly through life, and without them no life is complete.

Our next physical requirements are games of the type that can be enjoyed socially after college — golf, tennis, squash, handball, bowling, and badminton. Anyone who can play one or two of these games fairly well has taken out insurance for life against physical failure. He is sure of plenty of carefree recreation and wholesome exercise. No student should be allowed to graduate unless he is able to play some of these games well.

Students who reach college unable to ride a bicycle, drive a car, fly, ski, snowshoe, sail a boat, ride a horse, fish and shoot should be given individual instruction. These are physical skills which are in wide demand in the modern world and which have great recreational value.

In the new curriculum gymnasiums would be used only as places where games enjoyed in afterlife might be learned and where in individual cases certain corrective exercises might be taken under a doctor's orders. The whole tiresome rigmarole of calisthenics, weight pulling, and bending would be discarded as of doubtful benefit.

The sooner the public competitive sports are professionalized, the better it will be for American education. They have nothing to do with physical training, and are carried on simply for advertising and to satisfy the barbaric pleasure which college alumni find in gladiatorial combats. Football, soccer, baseball, hockey, basketball, and the rest are in the same class as bullfighting or prizefighting. They will always bring good gate receipts because people enjoy primitive competitive sports that require strength, skill, and courage. But they should be played by professionals, and colleges should devote themselves to educational pursuits. They are nearly valueless, educationally speaking, because they train only the few, they overtrain this minority, they do not carry over into afterlife, they consume a tremendous amount of time and energy, and they teach the nonparticipating majority the unwholesome habit of enjoying sports vicariously.

Along with the development of recreational skills there should be a brief course in applied physiology. The average man knows less about his bodily mechanism than he does about the design of his automobile or radio. Physiology, not the kind of thing that is usually taught in colleges under this name, is actually one of the most fascinating of all studies; and, because every human being possesses a body which he can come to know and control, it may become a major interest.

Each person has an individual physical prob-

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lem, and it is keen sport to direct one's own physical mechanism in such a way as to obtain the highest possible performance. Yet most of us abuse ourselves physically during our youth and, as we get older, do little or nothing to cure our disabilities or to ward off impending ailments. One has only to recall the wild excesses of youth to realize that most students waste their physical resources futilely long before they appreciate their value.

Included in this section of our curriculum should be some sound dietetics calculated to train the student to regulate his eating for enjoyment and physical well-being. The promiscuous menu of the average student would destroy any other animal but man within a month. It leaves most students with a weakened digestion for the balance of their days.

In order to carry out this program, which will serve the purpose of developing physical resources and of establishing habits and skills that will keep a man fit throughout life, the college environment will have to be replanned. Much of the student's life which is now left to his own haphazard impulses must be controlled and directed. But the co-operation of the student himself will be an essential feature of any successful physical program, because the aim of the college must be students who are self-disciplined, not students who are faculty-disciplined.

IV

A SECOND division of our new college curriculum will be devoted to art in all its phases, both practical and theoretical. Traditionally the word *art*, at least in colleges, has stood for a somewhat rarefied and overaesthetic study of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In our curriculum art will include music, cinema, photography, dance, industrial design, costume design, interior design, landscape architecture, drama, poetry, the novel, and handcrafts, as well as painting, sculpture, and architecture. The art faculty will take pains to acquaint the student with all the current phases of art so that when he leaves college he will know every art tendency, whether it be a new technique in the cinema or the most recent trend in architecture. That is to say, he will not think of art as a term applied to one mode of expression but will be aware of the worth of all forms of creative activity and he will regard art not as something exhumed from the past but as a very vivid present enterprise.

Each student will be given the opportunity to participate in the practice of several of the arts and will be required to be proficient as an artist in one or more fields. He will be expected to live a creative life to the full extent of his abilities. For the majority of the students this participation will probably take the form of intelligent criticism and appreciation. For a few talented ones it will be a career.

As far as art is concerned, most of our college campuses are strongholds of barbarism. Student taste rarely rises above the lure of swing music, melodrama, and romantic movies. Most students are unaware that any other type of art exists. As to our college faculties — they are controlled by a profound intellectual snobbery toward any practical participation in the arts. They hide behind a long outmoded philosophical dualism which separates the things of the mind from the things of the body. They pursue the psychologically absurd theory that it is possible to educate the mind without considering the physical and emotional human being of which that mind is inseparably a part.

Far from being a rational creature, the student is actually controlled largely by his emotions. All his drives and most of his judgments are basically emotional. As he matures he gains some direction over these feelings, but to a great extent all human life is conditioned by emotion. The chief function of the arts is to afford pleasurable and creative outlets for this emotional nature with which we are endowed. Emotions, like any other human functions, may be trained and refined. Art supplies both the stimulus and the satisfaction for our emotional natures. Neglected, emotions may atrophy, thus robbing the individual of his sensitivity and imagination; or they may break out in animal-like behavior such as unrestrained anger and sexual indulgence; or they may, if repressed, produce some psychological abnormality.

Our Puritan tradition has conditioned us to shun emotional experiences as immoral. We have been taught to admire the Stoic and suspect the Epicurean. Emotions, however, are the source of most of our energy and ambition. It is through them that we experience our greatest satisfaction. They are the inspiration for all imaginative activity, for all creative

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thinking. Emotion is one of the greatest endowments of the human race.

Any education which neglects the training and satisfaction of the emotions is certain to produce intellectual sterility. For thinking depends on imagination, and imagination depends on emotional stimulus. Though we have built up the fiction that thinking is an abstract and cold process of reasoning, actually most of us do our best thinking when we are bodily and emotionally attuned to an intellectual problem.

The danger that our emotions will run away with our judgment is less hazardous than the danger that our judgments will lack imagination. Both dangers can be avoided by developing satisfying types of artistic experience in which we habitually participate. Emotionally it is quite as important for a man of affairs to play a piano or a violin after a day of activity as it is for a musician to enjoy his instrument. Though the man of affairs may not be sufficiently skilled to play in public, his playing may serve the useful purpose of restoring to him emotional equilibrium and poise.

In the usual type of college, emotional experience and training take place outside the curriculum. Whether the student chooses wine or women or prefers gambling or auto racing, the development of his emotions is sure to be controlled for the most part by fortuitous circumstances. On the other hand, if he plays in an orchestra, takes part in a drama, enjoys amateur photography, designs furniture, learns to sketch, paints during his vacation, or carves wood, he has already found a satisfying and wholesome outlet for his emotional life.

In the new curriculum each student will be required to play at least one musical instrument. He will be taught one of the graphic arts. He will be required to write poetry or stories. He will be given the opportunity of designing and making the furniture or other useful articles with which he is surrounded. Possibly he will never have a course in aesthetics. Certainly he will never be required to take history of art as a course distinct from other history but, on the other hand, he will never be offered any course in history which does not include the artistic development of man as well as his economic and social evolution.

Art education, like physical education, will be presented in such a way as to prepare the student for lifelong participation. The aim will be to make each man proficient in one or more of the arts, so that he will preserve an amateur or professional interest in it or them as long as he lives. Indeed, no instructor will really be able to certify that a student has passed this part of the curriculum until at the end of a lifetime it is discovered whether or not some form of art remained a hobby or a profession throughout the individual's career.

The purpose of the arts in the new curriculum will be to train the taste, to free the imagination, and to give the emotions pleasant and constructive expression. The emotional nature of the student will thus become an asset rather than a wasted resource or an impediment. Taste is the mark of an educated man, imagination the sign of a productive man, and emotional balance the token of a matured man.

V

In the third part of the new curriculum we approach for the first time the so-called intellectual phase of education. Our muscular and emotional human animal is also a thinking being. We may divide the field of knowledge into two parts: natural history and culture history, dealing respectively with man's physical surroundings and with his cultural environment.

Under the head of natural history we shall include all the natural sciences, together with mathematics. These will not be taught as a series of unrelated subjects, such as astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, zoology, and matemathics, but as a well-rounded study of man's entire physical environment. They will culminate in a résumé of current problems in physical science. To teach such a course, a dozen or more instructors, each a specialist in a single science, will need to collaborate. Fortunately there will be no textbooks, and the student will be forced to rely on first-hand observation, laboratory experiments, source material, and classroom discussion and demonstration.

One of the major aims of such a course will be to acquaint the student with scientific method. He will be taught to make his own observations, to classify facts as he sees them, to make guarded inductions from these facts, to formulate tentative hypotheses to check his theories and determine whether they enable

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him to account for all the facts and to predict the future course of physical events. He will learn the difference between inductive, empirical thinking and deductive, rationalistic reasoning. He will discover the vagaries of his senses and the limitations of his mind. He will learn that mathematics is a way of thinking exactly about quantitative relations.

As the course develops it will unfold the entire cosmic system as we understand it. The student will learn of Lyell's great discovery of the geological forces at work in creating this earth and its familiar topography. He will be introduced to the microcosm within the chemical molecule. The evolution of plants and animals will be explained to him, and man's place indicated among the anthropoids. From such a course he will emerge not with a certain number of units of science but with a unified view of the whole cosmic panorama as far as it is understood today.

The values of such a course will be threefold. First, it will give the student the discipline of laboratory observation and experiment; second, it will offer him practice in accurate, impersonal methods of thinking about physical problems; third, it will paint for him a unified picture of the physical world in which he lives. Such an introduction to physical science should endow the student with a sympathetic and an intelligent grasp of scientific procedure and research in the more important specialized fields. It should provide him with a pattern for meeting problems of his own and with confidence in developing an experimental answer.

In such a course both the content and the thinking are educationally significant, but the latter is the more vital for intelligent living. Ability to think scientifically should be the essence of the equipment which a student gains from college. The habit of using both the senses and the mind, of keen observation and accurate generalization, is one which must be practiced throughout life. Rigorous scientific thinking has advanced our culture further than have all the elaborate and pretentious philosophies ever propounded. It is safe to assert that the student will reap more benefit from a thorough study and practice of humble inductive logic than from all the dialectic brilliance of deductive logic. The modern world needs men with a grasp of facts, not facile, persuasive sophists.

VI

The fourth and final division in our new curriculum will be culture history. Under this head will be included all the social sciences. Instead of being taught as separate subjects, they will be unified as far as possible. Unity will be achieved by a synthetic history of human development which will include anthropology, archaeology, ethnology, economics, sociology, politics, art, literature, and philosophy. This will begin with the dawn of culture, and during the first half of the course will come down to the present time. The latter half of the course will focus on current problems so that the student will have a complete picture of our contemporary culture.

The new all-inclusive history course will attempt to deal scientifically with culture, presenting not a eulogistic account of human achievement but the long hard struggle, with frequent defeats, through which modern civilization has been achieved. Contemporary culture will be analyzed with equal candor, so that the student will emerge from college not with a conception of an ideal republic such as Plato pictured but with a very intimate and realistic knowledge of the far from ideal republic in which we live.

The aim of the course will be to produce an intelligent citizen capable of living efficiently and co-operatively in a twentieth-century community. In our conventional college subjects there is very little carry-over into life after college. History somehow never reaches the present. At least half this fourth section of our curriculum will be devoted to a detailed analysis of our current social structure.

To teach such a course we shall again have to draw on the services of a corps of instructors from different departments. We shall have to find men who have not retreated into the security of the past but who are capable of analyzing and presenting the perplexing intricacies of the present. They must be men who believe that it is not beneath academic dignity to discuss political issues. They must have the background necessary to understand economic problems for which answers have not yet been found.

The source material for the latter half of this course must be life itself as we see it through our newspaper and periodical litera-

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ture. Students must be given the opportunity of going to legislatures in session, of visiting industrial plants, of studying businesses at first hand, and of seeing public institutions from the inside, so that they can understand the working of our intricate social-economic machine. Here again the textbook must be discarded, and the student encouraged to go to source material. Not only that — but he must be taught to make impartial surveys and gather his own data.

The degradation of our democracy is due to pressure minorities which find that political plundering yields a far greater profit than the more primitive forms of plundering which marked earlier stages of human development. Our citizenry has been so engrossed in private interests and so apathetic and ignorant as regards public affairs that it has been easy for these groups to exploit the country. Our new education must aim at training a citizenry which is interested in government, which understands it and which participates effectively in it.

The latter part of our course in culture history might well be devoted to problems which democracy has hitherto found insoluble. Our cumbersome and often unjust judiciary system, our generally corrupt and inefficient city governments, our outmoded county governments, our State political machines, the spoils system as applied to the federal government — all represent problems which we devoutly hope the next generation will solve but to which our generation has made only modest contributions. Our great need is to orient the student so that he will be ready to assume his social obligations as a citizen and not devote his energies exclusively to his private affairs.

Culture history will introduce the student to a new pattern of purposeful thinking, the kind which men do when they attempt to create an orderly and pleasant society in which to live. This type of constructive thinking should be a lifelong practice. It must be as rigorous as scientific thinking yet serve social ends rather than purely impersonal goals of exact knowledge. It is the process by which literature, law, government, business, and industry are originated and are advanced. It actually is a kind of "poetic" thinking, for man is the "maker" of his culture rhythms.

VII

THE NEW curriculum contains but four courses: physical education, creative arts, natural history, and culture history. This curriculum is designed not around subject matter or educational theory but to meet the needs of a normal young human animal who must be prepared for the good life in the twentieth century. It begins with his physical training as a foundation, includes his emotional and imaginative life, considers his natural environment, and finally extends to the intricate structure of the cultural environment. Such a curriculum educates the whole man. It is strictly functional, aiming to shape habits, interests, and thinking in such a way as to serve the student equally well as a foundation for graduate school and as a basic pattern throughout life.

Such an education might be described as scientific in contrast to the old humanistic type. It is scientific because it begins with a careful analysis of the student's lifelong needs. Its aim is to adjust him to the requirements of living today and tomorrow. That is to say, it approaches the problem of education without preconception and attempts a solution in terms of contemporary conditions. The old humanistic education was based on the assumption that education dealt exclusively with thought and that, to be educated, a man should know all the thought accumulated up to his time. This theory made education primarily a literary affair. Somehow, the occasions for the thought and the actions for which the thought prepared were lost, and what the student received was simply the dead forms of thought preserved in the dry pages of books.

Anthropology and psychology have given us a broader conception of education. We see the student as himself a sensitive organism which actually it is impossible to divide into separate parts such as mind, imagination, emotions, or body. These terms have very little meaning, because the organism operates as a whole. To educate the organism we must seek to train it as a single unit. It exists in an environment that is constantly expanding and developing. To adjust itself to such an environment, the individual needs knowledge of both the physical universe and the culture complex in which he is to function. He will find these surround-

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ings friendly if he is intimately acquainted with them but hostile if he enters them without forewarning of what he is to encounter.

The new curriculum eliminates the old subject-matter approach to education and lays the emphasis on simplification and unification of experience. The division into subject matter, while extremely useful for the classification of human knowledge, is inappropriate and bewildering for purposes of education. Complexity has increased rapidly in recent years with each successive effort to alter the old humanistic curriculum and adapt it to contemporary requirements. Professors have found it to their economic and intellectual advantage to augment the number of subjects so that each would have a field of his own, where his colleagues would not trespass. This has led to the multiplication of courses and the consequent confusion of the students. The result has been to thwart any unified and intelligible educational program.

The new curriculum, while not despising content, is fundamentally concerned with teaching the student certain types of vital activity of body, imagination, senses, and mind. These trained modes of behavior all contribute to the full life. As a result of this curriculum the student should have learned to function effectively on each level of his being. He should be able to co-ordinate, to observe, to imagine, and to think easily and effectively. The new educational theory resembles the ancient Greek ideal of harmony between body and soul.

The entrance requirements for the new curriculum will be very simple. Reading, writing, and arithmetic would suffice, but the reading should include at least two contemporary foreign languages, for childhood is the time to learn languages, and the study of languages in college is a wasteful process. A physical examination and an intelligence test to insure certain minimum standards would be more necessary than any formal "credits."

The student's entire life will be included in the new curriculum. His interests will no longer be divided between his required academic courses and his more vivid outside activities. That is to say, the four parts of the curriculum will not be courses at all but a balanced program for intensive living during every hour of the college period. The need of extracurricular activities will disappear.

The new curriculum would operate most effectively in a college in which the buildings had been designed not in imitation of medieval or Renaissance styles but as beautiful and efficient instruments for twentieth-century living. The gymnasium should resemble a well-appointed club, with game rooms, dance hall, and attractive dining rooms where diet could be carefully supervised. There should be an art center, with studios for the practice of drawing and painting, music and dramatics and auditoriums for performances and recitals. The physical-science building should contain all the sciences under one roof, with laboratories and instruments which would enable the student to gain a complete if not detailed picture of this earth and its spacious setting. The social-science building would perhaps resemble the culture-history museum and library combined, where civilization might be studied both through its artifacts and its literature. Luxurious dormitories and fraternity houses would give way to very simple barracks designed only to afford an opportunity for sound sleep.

The new curriculum is not anti-intellectual except in the sense that science is anti-intellectual. It recognizes that a good mind is the function of a well-adjusted organism. The old education was for disembodied souls. Moreover, the new curriculum once and for all discards the academic distinction between intellectual and practical courses. It assumes that all courses should be both intellectual and practical. It asserts that the basic techniques of living must be taught in college; it postpones vocational technique until professional school. It regards any education as broad and cultural in aim if it contributes to a broad and cultivated life.

Finally, the new curriculum aims to prepare the student for his own era, not for the life of an Athenian citizen of the fifth century or for that of a Roman in the Augustan age or for a Florentine of the *quattrocento*. While devoting a great deal of time to history, it is definitely oriented toward present living. This is in sharp contrast to the old education, which was always of the past and, as such, acted as a kind of intellectual contraceptive which prevented the birth of the future. The new curriculum will prepare the student for the creative life of today and tomorrow.

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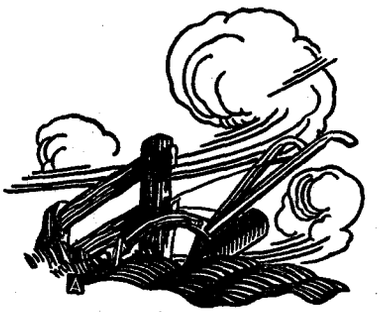
Losing Friends and Being Influenced



by **DELLA T. LUTES**

BEING TOO easily influenced by people is one reasonably sure way to lose friends, but there are others infinitely easier and quicker. In fact, losing friends is probably one of the least difficult undertakings in the world. Falling off a log is an onerous procedure beside it. It would seem, therefore, a bootless task to set down rule or rubric for an act which can be tossed off, as you might say, with a flick of the lip. However, since adhortation on behavior, embellished and embroidered with gentle philosophies on the vagaries of conduct, seems to be the order of the day, it may not be an untimely hour in which to look on the reverse order of a subject just now in the public eye. Without doubt the winning of friends has already begun on a wholesale scale, and soon the more industrious reader will be ready to get rid of half his acquisitions. In addition, if half our population has succeeded in influencing somebody, that half will soon be yearning anxiously to be influenced itself. Thus, in order to appease everybody, including the boy, the man, and the jackass, let us see what we can do by falling into the stream.

Let us take first this matter of losing friends. The primary rule involves money. As a matter of fact, you will never need to go beyond this principle in order to lose every friend you have in the world, to say nothing of all your relatives. Money, in one way or another, will do the trick without further labor, but, in as much as whole droves, hordes, shoals, schools, swarms, broods, and flocks of friends have been lost in other ways, we shall consider some of those ways later on.

Friend is a word very loosely used these days, and in the interest of strictest accuracy I suppose we ought to define the sense in which we are using it here. Actually, however, this would be a waste of time, since there are many kinds and degrees of friends and you can lose one as easily as the next. This is the way it is done: (1) you refuse to lend money to a friend; (2) you lend money to a friend; (3) a friend lends you money; or (4) a friend refuses to lend you money. Any of these formulas can hardly fail with any species of friend.

If you ask the friend to lend you money and he ducks the issue, you will be mad both because he didn't do it and because you asked him and you will nourish resentment, putting the blame on him. You will never want to see him again. *He* will be embarrassed because you put him up against the necessity of refusal; he will be scared to meet you on the street and he will never want to see you again. So *that* little affair is over for good and all. Reverse the situations, and the result will still be the same.

If you ask your friend for a loan and he makes it, you are going to be ashamed to look him in the face not only because you had to lean on his greater affluence but because you are afraid he will be ashamed to look *you* in the face on account of *your* being ashamed to look *him* in the face. Moreover, he will avoid you,

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both because he doesn't want to hear your apologies for not returning the loan immediately and because he's afraid that you may put the touch on him again.

And so, no matter whether the loan is negotiated or not, the ground on which the transaction was even considered is as a bottomless pit crusted over with a surface thin and treacherous to the hold as a frost-bit leaf. Or as a deceptive sod beneath which lies a ton of dynamite ready to blow so tender an alliance into a thousand unrecognizable bits.

The Quality of Friendship

Now, I would not show a pessimistic front to a hopeful and more or less credulous world. I know that money can pass between friends both as a loan and as a gift (preferably, by far, the latter) without serious damage to the fragile fabric of that relationship. And I also know that you *can* pick a butterfly from a flower without brushing from his gossamer wings enough of that powdery filament (which makes possible his flight) to endanger his life. But the one is quite as ticklish a proceeding as the other. In the main I should say — with plenty of proof if needed — that you can get rid of every friend you have in the world and in the shortest possible order by being just a *little* careless in money matters.

Too frequently letting your friend pay the bill; forever riding in his car without ever offering to share expenses; accepting "treats" without due regard for the value of reciprocity; leaning a little too hard when out of funds; imposing a little too much here and a little too much there will finally wear thin the strongest tie.

A *friend*, you may say, a *true* friend, will stand ready and gladly willing to help you out in time of need. Yes, *but let the gesture come from him!* If you didn't have that friend, you would manage some way; so, better to proceed on the theory that you haven't got him than, having him, take a chance on losing him.

But, you contend, friendship shouldn't be of such brittle fabric that so light a strain can affect it. And I maintain that friendship — when acquaintance reaches such a stage that it can truthfully be so called — *is* the stoutest fabric in the world. But it is a *woven* fabric, and it takes years to weave it. And the threads of which it is woven are those of consideration and regard (for another's feelings, wishes, opinions, possessions, beliefs, reticences, confidences) and admiration (for another's qualities, accomplishments, characteristics, personality.) And, of course, of congeniality of tastes, which has not so much to do with the present controversy.

The fabric, therefore, of which friendship is woven is bound to grow stronger with time, provided the thread be not weakened because one makes too many demands of it. And friendship, it seems to me, is, of all relationships, that which will wear the longest, bear the greatest stress, deepen most in richness and luster but also the one with which the greatest care must be taken *not* to make unreasonable demands.

I have a friend who, during a period of enforced inactivity for me, was extremely generous. My friend's kindness included the loan of a fine and expensive radio, the use of a car and driver at any time, books, flowers, and so on. This friend is in a position to make me valuable gifts — and has the inclination to do so — and might, if called on, come to my aid in a most substantial way. But this individual is the last person in the world to whom, in any case, I should ever apply for such assistance. Rather, if forced to it, the Morris Plan and $10 a month to the edge of the grave. The proffer-ings of friendliness are at present made in the happiest, most generous spirit possible and are similarly received. If, after having experienced the exquisite joy of lavishly *offered* gifts, I should belittle our relationship by asking a favor, I would lose it forever — the spirit if not the form. The butterfly would never again lift his bepowdered wings to the sun.

Aside from Money

As to how far these things are true in the case of blood relations there are two schools of thought. One is the blood-is-thicker-than-water school, which holds that a man is literally his brother's keeper and that, if the same blood flows in the veins of a scalawag and wastrel as happens to throb in the arteries of a responsible banker, it is the banker's bounden duty and

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obligation to look after the wastrel. That, it seems to me, is tough on the banker and not especially conducive to self-reliance on the part of the other. The sire of the prodigal son belonged to this school, however, and the prodigal made history as the result. Also, for its principles countless women have lived and died in barren spinsterhood, and many a vampirish brother or sister has sucked the blood from the one member of a family favored with a job.

The opposing school is inclined to shift all responsibility. Under this order the indignant father of old-time novels showed his erring daughter the door and told her never to darken it again. Belonging to the same class is the appallingly fast-growing horde of "individualists" who fatten the bones of divorce lawyers. Even the blood of their own children runs thin and pale, besides that under which burn the fires of passion and desire in their own veins.

But, whether you belong to the one school or the other, the question of money can annihilate, in less time than it takes to tell it, any friendship which exists, irrespective of blood. So you can dispose of friends or relations, one by one or en masse, according to how, when, and where you treat, between you, the matter of money.

But money, as I have said, is not the only means by which you can get rid of friends. Just in case financial independence has made this method impossible and you still want to be shut of one or more undesirables, try being erratic and undependable. Try promising to meet your friends at a certain hour of a certain day and then forget all about it. Try this twice more. Try breaking engagements with them because something more interesting turns up. Try this several times too.

But, you argue, *your* friends would *understand*. *You* don't have to stand on such formality with *your* friends. If they *are* friends, they won't resent such minor breaches of etiquette.

All I have to say in reply to this is—try it.

Youth Goes to the Dogs

It is almost as easy to be influenced by people as it is to lose friends. Not quite, however, because to be influenced thoroughly by people you have to begin preparation for it when you are very young. Influences are like vaccines. They "take" better in youth. If you are well inoculated with certain defensive principles in youth, later influences will pass you by with little effect. If, however, you have grown up without such preventive measures, you will find yourself an easy target for any kind of influence that comes within range.

Let us, for example, look at Modern Youth. Modern youth is *terrible*. Everybody says so. Youth drinks and swears; is irreverent, disrespectful, lawless, unbelieving; commits adultery; honors neither father nor mother; does not remember the Sabbath (except as a day for raising particular hell); loves its neighbor only when this serves a purpose; takes what it covets; neither loves the Lord its God nor fears Him. That is a fair résumé of the state of modern youth as it appears to us in the newspaper, on the screen, in fiction. Youth — going to the dogs. In fact one is influenced to suspect, further, that it has already gone to the dogs.

Now let yourself be influenced by *that* for a minute. Let yourself believe that this ungodly, ribald, indecent, swashbuckling, bawdy barbarian called Modern Youth is all we have to prepare to manage a shaky civilization and see what it does to you.

Of course, if you happen to have had a pretty decent youth yourself, if you happen to have grown up in a generation which *believed* in youth even though it was pretty wild (according to its times) and so is reasonably well inoculated against the Youth Scare, why, you may not run a dangerously high temperature at this thought. Your experience may so reassure you that while you view with alarm you can also hold steady to faith and even lend a friendly hand. Then you can realize that, while youth is making the front page, back there on page 8 is always The Home Circle, and its contents are not vastly different from The Fireside of 50 years ago. And those who read it are the youth of yesterday.

If you *want* to be influenced by Modern Youth, you can see how easy it is. But, if you don't like the effects of such influences and

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would lend a hand to guiding succeeding generations around the same pitfalls, you can try to keep some of your wits about you and at least give your own kids a chance to blow off some steam without going in for such high-powered devilry.

The Home Goes to Pot

Next we might take The Home as a point of departure in this argument for the case of Being Influenced by People — that is, if you can still find a home that is occupied by people. Most of the domestic institutions that now function under the name of *home* are mere shelters for the casual use of those who claim a right to such patronage. However, such as it is, take The Home.

The best way to be influenced by the modern home is to watch one in operation, but, again, it is utterly impossible to come under the disruptive metagenesis of this strange and mobile lodging place if your early environment and experience were such as to invest your soul with an armor impervious to the javelins of modern methods in homemaking. Without such protection it were the easiest thing in the world so to be influenced by the modern version of the home as never again to believe in anything good under the sun. And therein lies the danger to all future homes. Are there enough prophylactic homes left today to combat this toxin?

Because, of all the misnomers ever bestowed, *home* for the modern domestic establishment is the worst. Can you call *home* a place where a boy can't have a dog? Where a man can't litter newspapers or a girl have in "the gang" to mess up the kitchen with an evening party? Is a *home* a house where nothing ever runs over in the oven *and for a very good reason?* Where you never smell corned beef and cabbage and where, no matter what time you happen to call in afternoon or evening, there's never anybody in?

But this is the kind of home you are going to see, here, there, and everywhere, and it is pretty easy to be influenced by the prevalence of such habitations and to think there is nothing better and never going to be anything better. Just think about it, dwell upon it, and in almost no time at all you see a world of cold and forbidding halls, stylish — but useless — parlors, slightly used bedrooms (all single), atticless roofs, basementless cellars. Immaculate kitchens without even a good working smell to make you feel at home. There is nothing left over to stack in the garret, no stores to put in the basement. Just a place to come into, now and then, and to go out from. Makes a person pretty blue to contemplate such a picture, what?

My own trouble, in trying to be influenced by this melancholy situation (for that it *is* a situation I do not deny) is that I am reasonably immune. I can deplore the situation and even be concerned about it. I regret more than I can possibly say the plight of the dwellers in modern houses that are not homes and perhaps I should feel worse about it than I do, seeing I can do so little about it. But, knowing what a real home is like, having been born and bred in one and having been a sometime dweller in many others and having seen what the influence of such a home and the people in such a home is, I cannot believe that this institution is really gone. Or, if its outer and visible existence is for the moment obscured, I can believe that the spirit hovers near, ready to fold its wings in sweet content within whatever door is open to its approach. I believe, most firmly, that it is not at all a difficult thing to be most uncompromisingly and almost indelibly influenced by the modern "home" unless one is forearmored by early experience. And I furthermore depose, assert, affirm, declare, and avow my unshakable belief in the efficacy of such defense. And I do earnestly recommend, counsel, adhort, and even exhort the desirability of such inoculation in mere childhood, extending through youth, by providing for all minors a home fraught with comfort, beauty, pleasure, safety, stability, charm, freedom and restraint (the two together).

Woman Goes to Reno

But, in case allowing yourself to be influenced by the seeming inadequacy of the modern home has not completely or sufficiently ravaged whatever spiritual fiber you may have possessed, try laying yourself open to Woman. According to what we read in the papers or

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hear over the teacups (city papers please substitute cocktail glasses), there isn't much to be said for her. (Of course, if you want to go into it, there is practically nothing to be said for Man either, but we are not going into it just now.)

Modern Woman, so we hear, is vain, shallow, stubborn. She won't stay home; she won't cook; she drinks, smokes, swears, commits adultery, and runs off to Reno to get a divorce so she can start all over again. How can you help being influenced by Woman? How can you help believing that womanhood as formerly idealized (spirit of the hearth, spirit of the home fires, spirit of healing, comfort, motherhood, sisterhood, neighborliness, kindness, charity) is not forever gone? What has the "I Wanna Be Loved" woman that can inspire faith or hope in a man? What more can he look for in her than a seductive and wheedling eye? Let yourself be influenced by *that* and see where it gets you.

Again, because of my own experience, which, after all, is all that can ever save us from every wind that blows, I find myself able to withstand even this disruptive blast. Any one of dozens of women I knew in my childhood and youth would have been a sufficient shield against an even greater storm of feminine frailties that are — or so my defenses cry — but a veneer of the times.

There was my own mother, for instance. She was not a woman of numerous graces but she was ever dependable. I *knew* that when I came home from school she would be there. If, for any reason, such as a meeting of the sewing circle, she was to be at a neighbor's house, it was arranged that I (together with all the other children of all the other mothers) would go to that house after school.

The first thing my father did — never deviating a fraction from the habit — when he came in the door, whether he had been gone a day or fifteen minutes, was to call, "'Miry!" If my mother did not instantly respond, a note of panic crept into his voice; but at his second cry for "'Miry!" she would issue from cellar, chamber, or garden, perhaps a little impatient, to answer, "Here I am. What on earth do you want?"

"Nothin'. Just wanted to know if you's here." As if she would ever be anywhere else and as if he didn't know she would never be anywhere else.

Narrow, according to present-day standards, her life doubtless was. But wide enough, at that, to open the gates of a heaven on earth. And like unto her a whole galaxy of women parades before my memory's eye. Enough to stand me in good stead when I begin to feel myself weakening under the influence of the Woman of Today.

I have touched on the barest few of numberless ways of Losing Friends and Being Influenced by People. Contemplation of the various means is rather appalling, the ease of accomplishment a matter for thought. It seems a pity that so precious a commodity as friendship lies so lightly in the balance and is so often overweighed by misunderstanding of its qualities. And, since the human soul is so susceptible to influences, equally deplorable is our too frequent failure to build early defenses against them. I think it may be worth while to rouse an interest in forestalling such influences by entertaining that patient and brooding spirit once found on every hearth: the spirit of *home*, wherein are gathered all the rules and rubrics for winning friends and influencing people — for good.

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The News Camera on Trial

by **H. L. SMITH**

YOUNGEST and lustiest brat of the fourth estate's large family of problem children is the news picture, and unless his parents take him in hand soon he may end up in a corrective institution.

Charges of an American Bar Association committee not long ago were an indication of growing resentment against the abuse of private right and special privilege by the cameraman. The charges were based on the attitude of the newspapers at the Hauptmann trial. The criticisms would have been more valid had they come from a profession a little more entitled to cast the first stone, but that is scarcely a proper reply. The fact is that, from the time photographers harried the honeymooning Lindberghs, past the last presidential campaign, when Governor Landon was pictured in the act of wolfing his lunch, and up to the present time, no prominent personage has been safe, even in privacy, from the prying eye of the camera. The attitude of the American press toward this situation has been both decried and ridiculed by foreigners. When the Flying Colonel hopped over to Germany to give his famous speech on aerial warfare, *Kladderadatsch* burlesqued the American press in a cartoon showing a reporter springing out of a bathroom fixture to ask a startled young man, "What is the purpose of your visit here, Herr Lindbergh?"

It would seem that this latest offspring of journalism is old enough to know better. Born just before the turn of the century in Mr. Pulitzer's *World* and kidnaped by Mr. Hearst for his *Journal* in 1897, the news picture was excused for its early crudities in the same way that a child is excused for making indelicate remarks at the dinner table. It was not until the *New York Daily News* ushered in the era of the tabloid in 1919 that readers discovered that the news picture had reached the gamin stage. We went through a period that must have seemed to many like a pictorial Hallowe'en, but for the most part the pranks were laughed off as the irresponsible acts of a growing youngster.

But by 1928, when the news picture should have reached years of discretion, there came a change in public opinion. Dr. Erich Salomon introduced the candid camera. The supersensitive film and the photoflash bulb made their appearances, and the public found that an express rifle had been substituted for a pea shooter. Wirephoto transmission, with its gluttony for pictures, brought further complications.

Today the news picture is in about the same stage as was the news story in 1830. Pictures are so new a development that the courts have been unable to keep up with the situation. The laws of libel, contempt of court, and private right, as they apply to news pictures, are inadequate and ineffectual. In spite of Gladstone's famous assertion that the picture does not lie, anyone who reads the papers knows that pictures are published every day that tell untrue stories — stories that in print would bring instant libel action against the publisher. It will be many years before the courts can evolve the necessary machinery of control. Meanwhile, it is up to the publishers themselves to stall off the mounting feeling of public indignation. One may argue pro and con about the self-imposed censorship of the British publishers in such matters as the affair Simpson, but concerted action to respect a private right is something we might well strive for in this country.

THE LINDBERGH "PERSECUTION"

IT WAS THE self-exile of the Lindberghs that loosed the first ominous wave of public opinion against press photographers. On the night of Monday, December 23, 1935, Colonel Lindbergh and his family slipped aboard the freighter *American Importer*. The flight was so secret that no word of it reached the

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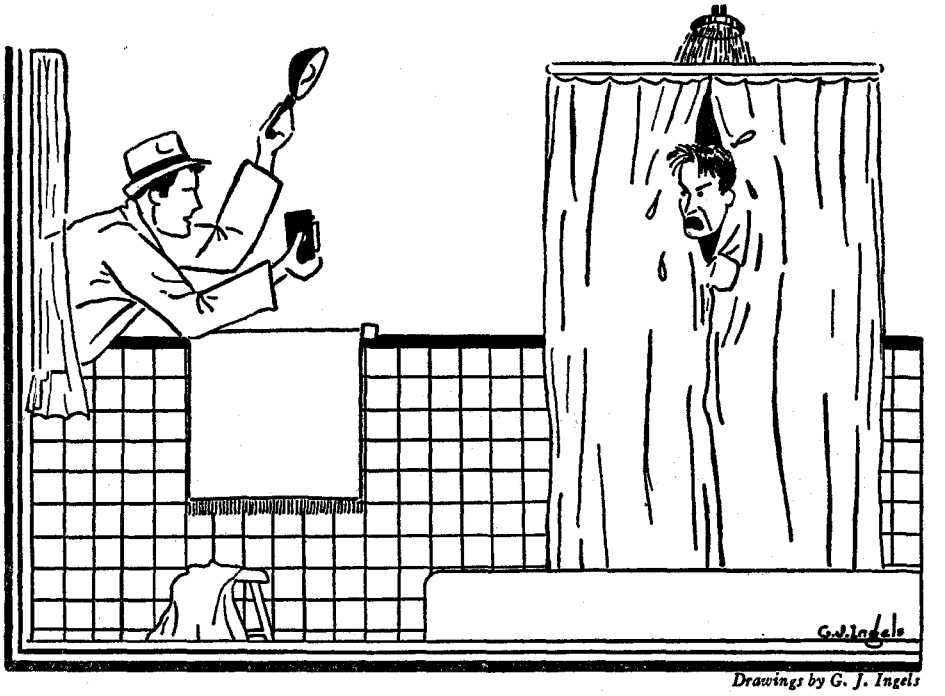
newspapers until the story was broken by Lauren D. Lyman of the *New York Times*. At once the press was in a dither of excitement. Hearst, bitter opponent of the New Deal, was quick to point out that the Colonel had fled to the security of England because America was unable to afford him protection. Most publishers would have preferred to believe that, but many of them knew why the Lindberghs fled. They fled because they despaired of keeping the sanctity of private right in this country.



Drawings by G. J. Ingels

A few commentators said this openly. Dr. A. F. Payne, speaking over Newark's powerful radio station WOR, cried:

> I wonder if you people know just what it means that the Lindberghs, right this minute, are in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean seeking peace, driven there by the publicity news hounds and by threats upon the lives of their children.
>
> I wonder if we don't need a couple of new laws in this country. I think we have about ten million too many laws right now, but why can't we have a law that it is a criminal offense to publish pictures of anyone without that person's consent?

This view was indicative of the public reaction. The reference to news pictures was in regard to an incident singled out by Lyman in his "follow" story:

> One recent incident that influenced the Lindberghs was the frightening of little Jon by a camera man, who forced the teacher driving him from school to the curb with a larger car.

Ironically enough, the picture in question was taken by an employee of the very man who blamed the government for the Lindbergh exodus — William Randolph Hearst. The Lindbergh "shot" was taken by Dick Sarno, crack cameraman of the *New York Mirror*, who admitted he was given a $100 bonus for his scoop. Sarno was driving in a car operated by a New Jersey correspondent for the *Mirror*. The two newspapermen sighted the Lindbergh car as it left Jon's school. Following closely, they waited until their quarry approached a sharp U turn in the road. Sarno had his driver pass to the right of the Lindbergh coupe, so that in order to make the turn the other driver had to slow down. Pulling in closely, Sarno set his speed flash and shot the picture "off the arm." It turned out successfully, and was published.

Indignation in the East when the Lindberghs fled was such that a "moral war," reminiscent of that against Bennett's *Herald* in the 1840's, seemed imminent. Typical of the public temper was this letter to the *New York Times:*

> I promise never again to buy or subscribe to any newspaper that attempts to discover, or reveals Col. Lindbergh's place of refuge in England or elsewhere without his authority. Who will join me in this pledge?

As if in answer to this query and significant in showing that this was no flash-in-the-pan reaction, Fred Ferguson, president of N.E.A. service, sent a letter to all clients saying that neither N.E.A. nor Acme (N.E.A. picture service) would issue any pictures of the Lindbergh baby without consent of the parents.

Without concerted effort on the part of the publishers, such efforts to preserve the right of privacy can be only temporary. Unfortunately there is little or no redress for violations. Only in the advertising field is there any clear-cut law on the use of pictures.

Here, for example, is a picture of the President taken by a well-known Washington syndicate. The picture shows Roosevelt looking tired and discouraged. His hand passes across his eyes despairingly. Actually he is only

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resting from the glare of the photographers' flash bulbs. The picture is published at the time that the AAA is thrown out by the Supreme Court, and the public is made to believe that the President is being licked by his job. The effect is produced without the embarrassment that might accompany a story putting this in words. It is no wonder that the public reacts less and less to the wolf cry for freedom of the press — at least as far as pictures are concerned.

News vs. Privacy

It was the *London Graphic* that first coined the term *candid camera* when Dr. Salomon's pictures made their appearance in 1928. Dr. Salomon used a tiny camera so sensitive that it needed no artificial lighting. It was known as the Leica and it has since become famous, along with other precision cameras, such as the Contax, Makina, etc.

In the hands of a conscientious workman, the candid camera became a legitimate tool of the pictorial journalist. For the first time people saw important personages as they really were, not as they wanted to be seen. But it soon became evident that many editors were more interested in catching such personages in embarrassing positions than in showing them in characteristic poses. It became impossible for a statesman to get a raspberry seed out of his tooth without pictorial re-enactment of the scene the following day. No longer was it necessary to risk libel suits by making sly remarks to the detriment of a political opponent. It was much safer to take a picture of that worthy in an unguarded moment.

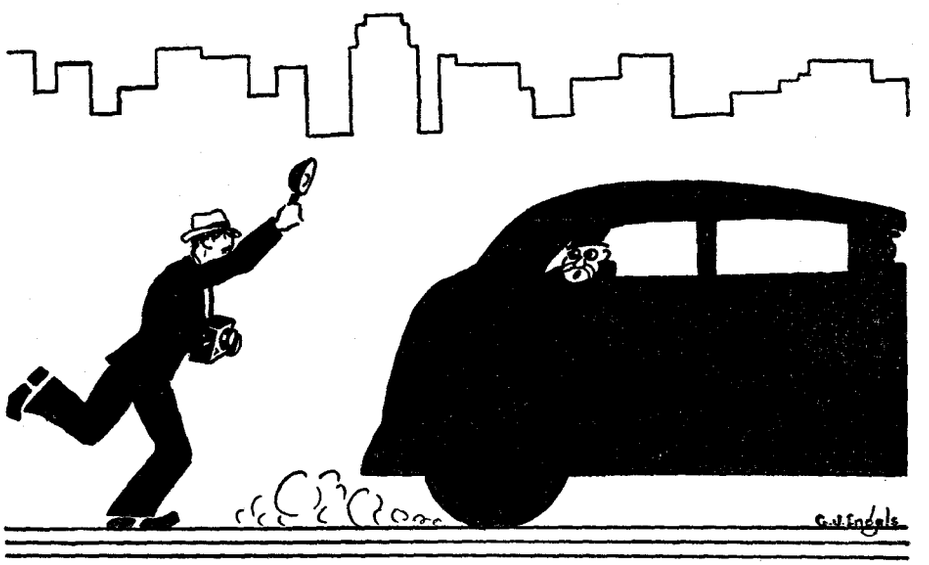
Who is to blame for this condition? Probably no one. Certainly the cameramen cannot be blamed. On the whole, they are a worthy and resourceful crew, more interested in the technique than in the ethics of their profession. It is easy to criticize Dick Sarno for his action in the Lindbergh episode, but after a few years of learning to get pictures first and arguing later a photographer doesn't bother about such matters—particularly when a $100 bonus makes rationalization so easy. What photographer wouldn't have done the same thing? It's what he's paid for.

It is easy to assert, as Dr. Payne did in his broadcast, that no picture should be published without the consent of the subject. But would that mean, then, that if a newspaper published a picture of a fire and accidentally included some of the spectators that these spectators could sue the paper? Many legitimate pictures are of persons who certainly desire no such publicity. Imagine asking a strikebreaker if he would object to his picture being taken for the papers.

The finest legal minds have stumbled over this. Back in 1890 Louis D. Brandeis and Samuel Warren contributed an article to the *Harvard Law Review* in which they developed a right of privacy based on the law of literary property. It has been held that a picture belongs to the subject when it is taken commercially. In such cases permission must be obtained before the picture may be published. This theory might be carried out to include the prohibition of personal pictures not authorized by the owner. But most courts have held that the publication of news pictures is permissible.

The question then arises: What constitutes a news picture? John R. Fitzpatrick, writing in the 1932 *Georgetown Law Journal*, puts the matter this way:

> Newspapers may publish photographs of those persons holding themselves out, by their word or conduct, as public characters, but they may not in-



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vade the right of privacy and publish, without authorization, photographs, any more than they could, with impunity and without authorization, publish letters between a husband and wife, an attorney and client, etc. To admit such a contention would be to admit and subscribe to the erroneous principle that a publisher of news, by virtue of his status as such, has an absolute privilege.

That seems sound enough, but notice how vulnerable it is from the standpoint of interpretation. Courts have been wary of this view because of the difficulty of deciding what one has to do to become a public character. As far as can be determined, there is only one case involving this principle. In the spring of 1930, two photographers of the *Chattanooga Times* were fined $100 each for taking a picture of a defendant in a trial at Lafayette, Georgia. The conviction was not for contempt of court but on the theory that "no newspaper has the right to publish a photograph of anyone without previously securing the consent of that person." The *Times* maintained that the pictures were news and that therefore they were in the same privileged class as news stories. Unfortunately, the case died before it could be tested by the Supreme Court. It probably would have been reversed.

And of course Mr. Fitzpatrick's scheme would not fit all cases. When Toscanini directed a farewell performance, he was driven from the stage by a cameraman. The episode aroused great indignation, but was the photographer violating Mr. Fitzpatrick's conception of private right? Surely the great conductor had held himself out, "by word or conduct, as a public character." He was news.

Reasonable Regulation

THERE ARE various ways of curbing this invasion of private right. The best way would be for the publishers themselves to do it. The self-imposed censorship of British publishers in the Simpson-Edward business is not without its dangers, but the fact that British journalists can act collectively should be of interest in this country. In the United States, the meetings of the A.N.P.A. have shown that publishers appreciate their responsibilities, but such an attitude is ineffectual when they refuse to inflict penalties on recalcitrant members. The result is that, when one of the yellow sheets is reprimanded, it develops the same attitude toward the A.N.P.A. as Mussolini has toward the League of Nations. Not until the publishers can make a covenant with teeth in it will they be able to clean up the abuse.

George Seldes gives as his panacea for curing news coloration the revocation of the second-class mail privilege of the guilty publisher. This might be carried over to curb other forms of press misbehavior. But publishers are not centralized here as they are in England. It is hard for them to plan any concerted action. And, as long as they are so indecisive in their self-regulation, little can be hoped for from them.

The solution seems to be the passage of a law that no decent publisher need fear. Such a law must include the following points:

1. No pictures to be used without consent of the subject except:

   (a) Where groups are brought together by common interest, as at a fire, political meeting, or riot.

   (b) Where the subject has voluntarily put himself in the public eye.

   (c) Where the picture accompanies a story of general news interest, defined as a story carried over the wires, in an opposition paper, or in any public document.

2. Candid camera pictures to be used like quotes in the accompanying story. (As long as a speaker knows there are photographers in the audience, he will govern his actions as he does his speech. On the other hand, surreptitious pictures not taken in a public place could be actionable.)

3. No picture to be changed or faked without the consent of the subject. (This would not include routine retouching that does not impair the fidelity of the half-tone cut.)

Such a set of rules should be pushed by the papers themselves. It would be to the advantage of the respectable dailies, for it would bring the bad boys of journalism into line. Unless some action is taken, publishers are likely to find themselves hamstrung by laws that will make the above look mild. For news photography is approaching its majority, and sooner or later it will be held responsible for its own acts.

In an early issue:
Robert Moses writes on problems of water pollution

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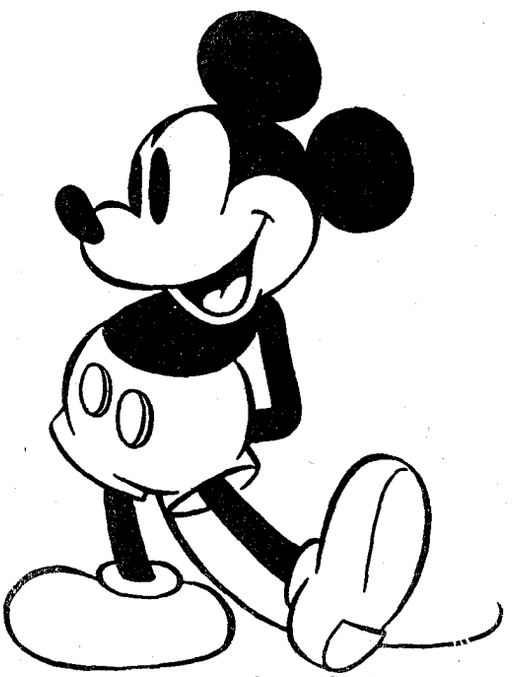
The Artist's Point of View

Walt Disney Writes Me a Letter, and I Answer It

BECAUSE I am head of an art school, Walt Disney wrote me recently, saying in effect: "We're after artists. Our studio is continually expanding. We need more capable, well-trained men. Have you any students you can recommend for jobs?" Enclosed were nine pages of explanation and specification about meeting the requirements of drawing successful Mickey Mouse animated cartoons.

This letter gave me, I thought, the chance I had been awaiting for ten years. I could now get to Walt a criticism of his work which, if followed, would, I am sure, organically improve his product. So I answered him approximately as follows:



Courtesy Walt Disney Enterprises

Dear Walt,

In the early days of the animated cartoon, particularly in the Silly Symphonies of '28 and thereabouts, this happy medium not only was a true folk art but came close to being an art *form* of real pictorial significance. This happened, in spite of the fact that naturalistic artists drew the cartoons, because the necessary symbolic and stylized treatment was strengthened by an exaggerated and simplified rendering of form which added power to the work. And out of the necessities of the action grew an unconscious but effective pictorial design.

Since these early Silly Symphony days, such examples as I have seen of your cartoons show a continuing regression from these pictorial virtues to an ever increasing naturalism and consequent poverty of pictorial drama. You have kept the subject or story drama but lost the visual drama which organization of all visual elements adds to story. *The Three Little Pigs*, for instance, which was so popular, made me heartsick at its failure on this count.

My suggestion is merely that you apply modern pictorial design to your entire range of production and thereby gain the excitements and visual power of organized line, space, dark-light, and form — which constitute pictorial design. Thus would you intensify the impact of your humor on your audience. That audience likes the stories now, I admit, and may not realize what is happening if you so enrich its fare. But, if you are expanding in any other than a physical sense, you have to deal with this matter; for in it lies the art of the picture. It is the one and only way in which you can adequately meet the great potentialities of your medium. This is a radical suggestion, no doubt about that; for to act on it would, I should imagine, involve a retraining or changing of your entire artist staff. Forgive my frankness. Such is the penalty of progress.

Sincerely yours, etc.

To date Walt has not answered my letter. And I have not sent him any students.

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

President, Poetry Society of America

Joyce and McGinley

JAMES JOYCE — COLLECTED POEMS (Viking, $2.00). Joyce the poet is not the Joyce of meticulous obscenities. He is not the Joyce of learned obscurities. He is the Joyce of joyous and limpid lyrics that well up from the springs of simple and essential poetry. This slender volume alone is proof of genius.

In COLD MORNING SKY (Macmillan, $1.50), Marya Zaturenska gives us verse of flawless craftsmanship that will delight the versemaker more than the lay reader. SELECTED POEMS, by Allen Tate (Scribner, $2.00), likewise is poets' poetry, a studied, drab verse brooding over the futile heroism of the Confederacy. Another younger, though more open sophisticate is Marina Wister, whose FANTASY AND FUGUE (Macmillan, $2.00) is half a collection of impressions from the cactus countryside of Mexico.

By contrast, ROWEN, A COLLECTION OF VERSE, by Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00), is scholarly but unstudied. The maturity and sincerity of every line of this poet command respect.

ONE MORE MANHATTAN, by Phyllis McGinley (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), takes us into a fresher, newer world. This sturdy poet from Utah interprets the life of New York as a healthy, rollicking folk carnival. As surely as La Guardia is New York's mayor, Phyllis McGinley is her poet.

Collections and Translations

51 NEGLECTED LYRICS, edited by Tom Boggs (Macmillan, $2.00), is an anthology of songs in English omitted from the great collections. We might expect Tom Boggs to pick out examples of the gusty and lusty, and he has not failed. Here are generous exhibits of forgotten sixteenth- and seventeenth-century songs that are as merry as merrie England. The collection is so comprehensive that it includes two lines by Willa Cather.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF SARA TEASDALE (Macmillan, $2.50) will be welcomed with joy by her thousands of affectionate readers.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF A BULLFIGHTER, with other poems by Frederica Garcia Lorca, in the original Spanish with English translations by A. C. Lloyd (Oxford, $2.50), is a festive volume for a week-end or a Christmas gift. THE TEN PRINCIPAL UPANISHADS, put into English by Shree Purohit Swami and W. B. Yeats (Macmillan, $2.00), will be appreciated by all disciples of the occult and East Indian philosophy.

Also

THE REST OF THE ROAD, by Don Blanding (Dodd, Mead, $2.00), is regional verse along the Hawaiian color line, written with gusto and embellished with gay drawings. AISLE SEAT, by Isabel Fiske Conant (Mosher, $2.00), is a collection of carefully wrought lyrics and sonnets. FLAME AGAINST THE WIND, by Florence Wilson Roper (Wings, $1.50), is a volume of very sincere verse by a writer who contributes extensively to the magazines of verse.

TOMORROW'S PHOENIX, by Ruth Lechlitner (Alcestis, $3.00), is highly imaginative experimental verse. Some of us would rather die than live to see Miss Lechlitner's phoenix. Verse like this for the as yet selective audience should be distributed in typewritten form rather than admitted to the printing press. For other reasons, the following books published by Henry Harrison should appear as multigraphed documents for friends rather than published books: FOLLOW THE COMPASS, by Maurice Hill ($1.50); POEMS, by Mary Linda Bradley ($2.00); and THE MEASURE OF THINGS, by Graham H. Whiting ($1.50). They are personal rhythmic revelations rather than poetry. Some day we shall have a censorship of popular taste to discriminate between typed and printed manifolding of verse.

Criticism

THE season has produced only two important pieces of criticism (with due respect to Mr. Zabel and Mr. W. R. Benét). The first is an essay in *Poet Lore* entitled "Poetry's Genii," by Cale Young Rice. Mr. Rice brushes aside the popular whimsical definitions of poetry and investigates seriously the "miracles" which distinguish poetry from mere verse. These he finds to be anchorage in any one or more of the four incommensurables or infinites: time, space, matter, mind. To any traditionalist, including the writer, Mr. Rice is convincing. He has contributed a chapter to the investigation of poetry of which all future students must be aware.

The second arresting item of poetry criticism is the 50-page editorial in *Psyche* on "Sprung Rhythm." This is frankly not a piece for freshmen in the lore of Gerard Manley Hopkins; in fact it will give many graduate students fresh headaches. Editor C. K. Ogden attacks the correspondence of Hopkins with a learning fully as intricate as that of the high priest of sprung rhythm. He dissects many problems, including the difference between rhythmic prose and prose rhythmics, and differentiates very nicely between Whitkins and Hopman. The reader is led to suspect that it will take another century of imitation, adulation, and exposition to clear the atmosphere enough to determine whether or not Hopkins was the father of a new era in English verse. For, as C.K.O. so tersely states, "Historically considered, the fundamental colon of Aeolic verse is, of course, a polyschematist dimeter, in which the second dipody is always a choriamb; but further choriambization produced the Glyconic, of which the catalectic or Pherecratean form gave Horace his

grato Pyrrha sub antro."

Mr. Ogden's editorial should be read beginning at the end and back to page one. Then take five grains of aspirin and read forward and be ready to chuckle.

A girl from San Gabriel, California, called on THE FORUM the other morning and left this bright ditty on the desk of the solemn editor:

Green Apples

by VANA COMSTOCK

The apples, on the last of June,
Are much like Eden's woe.
I've tasted them, to my regret,
And now, like Eve, I know.

Old Adam cursed about his throat
But Eve, she lay awake
And wondered what the devil did
About the bellyache.

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TOASTS

CHANNING POLLOCK, at an age well past 50 and having to his credit the authorship and production of 31 plays, gave up the theater in favor of lecturing, magazine work, and the "big novel," which he hopes some day to write. Now 57, he expects, you people past 40, to be doing his best work in ten more years.

TOM Q. WILLIAMS is a Texan, an executive with the Gulf Oil Corporation, who has been writing occasionally for a number of years.

DAVID MORTON'S poem, "Amherst, Massachusetts," will be included in a new volume of his to be published soon.

NORMAN ANGELL, distinguished English writer, struck one of the greatest blows at the theory of the reasonableness of war, many years ago, in *The Great Illusion*.

WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON, consulting psychologist, specializes in a psychology he calls *Try Living*. He is often miscalled the "inventor" of the lie detector and has just completed a book on this subject, showing that the detector is not a machine but a psychological test.

LOUIS ADAMIC, whose last FORUM contribution was an article about John L. Lewis last March, has just published a new book called *The House in Antigua*.

LOUIS LUDLOW, United States Congressman from Indiana, was the first member of the press gallery in Washington to go to the floor of the House as a legislator. He is a member of the Appropriations Committee.

CHARLES I. FADDIS is a United States Representative from Pennsylvania. A member of the House Military Affairs Committee, he is a confirmed militarist, admits it, and is proud of it.

MARY M. COLUM returns to THE FORUM'S pages again as a convalescent, happily, from a severe accident of last summer.

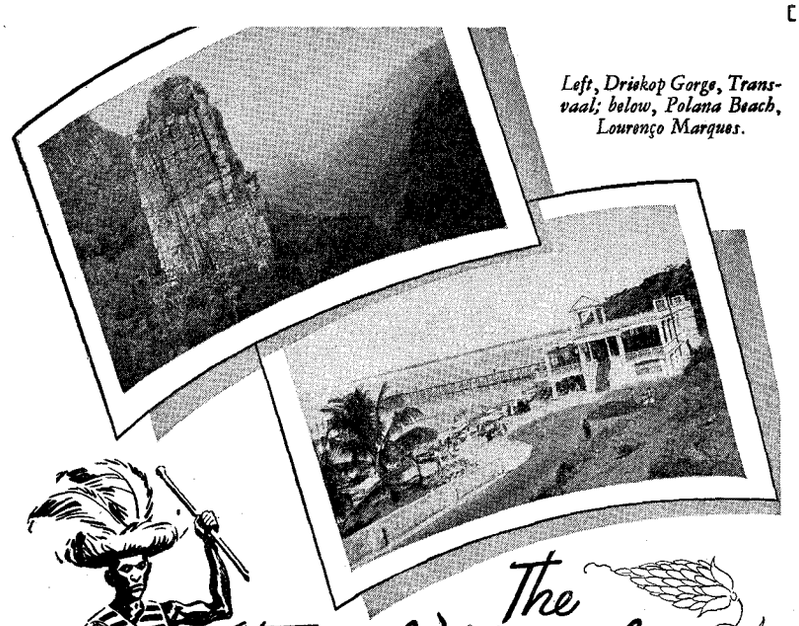
GILBERT MAXWELL'S first volume of poetry was published in 1933. For the last year and a half he has been working with the Federal Theatre in Atlanta, Georgia.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, professor of geology at the University of Southern California, is a FORUM contributor of long standing and a fascinating interpreter of a billion years of terrestrial history.

PHILIP N. YOUTZ is director of the Brooklyn Museum. He is an architect by profession and has been a teacher of architecture and philosophy.

DELLA T. LUTES, that fluent writer on the homely arts and virtues, is working on a new book to be called *The Country Kitchen*.

H. L. SMITH, a Yale graduate in the Class of 1929 and lately a newspaperman, is now teaching news photography at the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism and also working for a Ph.D. in history.



Left, Driekop Gorge, Transvaal; below, Polana Beach, Lourenço Marques.

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Right, Durban Country Club; below, Venster Rock, Caledon, Cape Province.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

PEACE ON THE RENT FRONT

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

Being more landlord than tenant I can sympathize with the trials and tribulations of other landlords and I am quite sure his present financial condition and that for the previous five years has not been an enviable one. I am in agreement with Miss Mabie [Janet Mabie, "Primer for Landlords and Tenants," October FORUM] that lease forms should be simplified and that a better understanding would result from frequent meetings of Owner and Tenant. Human nature being what it is the suspicions of tenants as to their landlord's intents and methods can only be overcome by a long education.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth and must be watered with good will. When the Tenant ceases to make unreasonable demands and allows his reason rather than his emotions to dictate his actions, I feel confident he will find his landlord ready to meet him more than halfway for after all the permanency of occupancy which is most desirable is determined more by good will than it is by structural and physical advantages. . . .

ALFRED E. SMITH
President

Empire State, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

VEGETARIANS

To the Editor:

I have listened so often and with such complete concurrence to Dr. Lin Yutang's delightful conversation and public speeches on the subject of diet that I cannot find anything to which to object in his delightful paper on the Stomach ["On Having a Stomach," October FORUM]. One can only wish more power to his elbow. For unless he will come to the rescue of our Western civilisations, in things gustatorial, what will become of us? What *can?*

. . . . . .

I have only one correction to make in his article. Did the Chinese study the habits of beasts or had Dr. Lin Yutang read me he would not have uttered his paean to the mildness of manners of the non-carnivore. For, as I wrote only the other day and have been writing for some years the fact is that the five most gratuitously ferocious of the beasts — those who mangle for the pleasure of mangling, not in the course of hunting for the pot — those five then, the bull, the stallion, the rhinoceros, the gorilla — and Mr. Hitler — are all vegetarians.

FORD MADOX FORD

Olivet College
Olivet, Mich.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

To the Editor:

I am very glad to see THE FORUM turning its attention this month to the problem of local government ["Better Local Government," editorial foreword, October FORUM]. It seems to me only if and when we can have sound local government can we maintain the integrity and effectiveness of democratic institutions as applied to the state and nation. After all it is our local government which supplies most of the service which our citizens receive. What they do and how they do it is of the utmost importance in the lives of the citizens of the community. Unless we get and maintain competence in the public life in local areas, we are in for a period of democratic paralysis.

C. A. DYKSTRA
Office of the President
The University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

INSTALLMENT BUYING

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

The participants in this debate ["Is Installment Buying Sound?" September FORUM], Messrs. Charles F. Ronayne and Arthur J. Morris, have made interesting and valuable contributions to this important study. It is quite evident that installment selling is here to stay. From the standpoint of a well defined psychology in our economy, we must therefore approach the problem more from the view of wise guidance than from that of radical change in principle.

We need to give less attention to the principle involved and more to ways and means of protecting it against destructive excesses. Business leaders need to plan to research and co-ordinate efforts to this end. Otherwise, the point will be reached where the public interest will invoke governmental interference. Excessive installment buying needs to be studied both by the buyer and the seller. The latter must be brought into a clearer conception of his responsibility to guide and safeguard his future trade relations and not be so satisfied with such excessive immediate sales as will destroy future customers.

. . . . . .

This enlarged field of activity requires broad study of human conduct and attitude as scientifically as research programs in economic fields.

. . . . . .

DANIEL C. ROPER
Secretary of Commerce
Washington, D. C.

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ASIA The Magazine of the Orient

is publishing a special 32-page supplement in its November issue on

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Shot Heard Round the World

LIN YUTANG
World Issues at Stake

HERBERT M. BRATTER
Japan's Case — China's Case

STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH
Neutrality Put to Test

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